

TRYBERFORCE THE GREATEST FORCE AGAINST POVERTY

BY TRYMORE MUSIPA (RUGARE)

About the Author.

Trymore Musipa (Rugare) was born on 31 July 1995 as the second born child to Savious Msipa and Gladys Msipa. He was born in a small industrial town of Torwood in the city of Kwekwe and in the Midlands province of Zimbabwe. He did his primary education at Richard John Davies Primary School in Torwood from 2001 to 2007. He proceeded to Batanai (ZISCO) High School in Torwood again for his secondary education from 2008 to 2011 when he accomplished his Ordinary level and came out the best student. He went to Dadaya High School in Zvishabane where he took Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry at Advanced level and as usual, came out with flying colors. He did not manage to proceed to university in the year 2014 as intended due to a bit of some financial problems- he had lost his father who used to be the bread winner of the family. He wrote this book during that period inspired by some of his true life experiences. Currently he is studying Electrical Power Engineering under apprenticeship in the National Railways of Zimbabwe (N.R.Z). He is also undertaking a Bachelor of Science Honors Degree in Chemical Engineering as a parallel student at the National University of Science and Technology (N.U.S.T). He also claims to be in the music industry and is part of the duet called ‘*The Party Splash Gang*’ (PSG) and is hopping to dominate the nation in future. Furthermore Trymore Musipa is also known as *Tryberforce* hence the title of this book.

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Summary

Imagine yourself being a prisoner of poverty, detained for decades under its custody. Misfortune being your daily bread and miscarriage being your wife's routine. The few children you have being impaired by the ruthless effects of poverty- All this being a clear manifestation of the unfairness of life. This was the case with Sav for long. His wife Glad had a series of miscarriages ever since the birth of Tom until she finally gave birth to Tryberforce and then Org. Though the couple was poor they did justice by sending their children to school hoping to improve their financial status in the long run. Unfortunately this proved to be a barren effort as far as Tom was concerned for he died before accomplishing the family's mission against poverty. Who then was to take over the mission? Automatically it was Tryberforce. He did his best in wrestling against poverty thereby bringing hope to Sav and Glad. This was fully corroborated by his academic excellence at Batanai High which led him to attend a boarding school under the continued and hopeful sacrifice of his parents. However life proved to be continuously imperative to the family as Sav mysteriously died leaving his family vulnerable. This called for Glad's active participation in financing Tryberforce and Org to accomplish the mission. Tryberforce since he was then old enough to square up to life and its ruthless realities was indescribably victimized by the situation. Poverty had deprived him of his privilege to proceed to university. As a matter of assistance Zimbabwe's economic hiccups also aided in making sure that his life was in total misery. On a positive note Tryberforce had a notion that belonging to a poor background does not guarantee that one is to remain poor. He believed that one's situation does not affect his/ or her exaltation so he always had enough inspiration and motivation to haul and pull through all the circumstances. He finally devised mechanisms which in turn helped the family out of poverty. He managed to finance himself to a foreign university while taking care of Org's school fees. Finally he bailed his family out of poverty and became instrumental in improving the welfare of his community and Zimbabwe at large. This is just a reassuring story to those who are still embraced under the same brackets of poverty for it is inspired by true life events.

Contents

<i>Chapter one</i>	<i>Glad's encounter with Sheck Dee.</i>
<i>Chapter two.....</i>	<i>Investigations leading to Sheck Dee's arrest.</i>
<i>Chapter three.....</i>	<i>The birth of Tryberforce</i>
<i>Chapter four.....</i>	<i>Sheck Dee Wise's trial</i>
<i>Chapter five</i>	<i>Tryber's childhood and introduction to Mun.</i>
<i>Chapter Six.....</i>	<i>Primary school for Tryber</i>
<i>Chapter seven.....</i>	<i>Secondary school for Tryber</i>
<i>Chapter eight.....</i>	<i>Death of Tom.</i>
<i>Chapter nine.....</i>	<i>O level achievement.</i>
<i>Chapter ten</i>	<i>The death of Sav.</i>
<i>Chapter eleven.....</i>	<i>New life without Sav.</i>
<i>Chapter twelve.....</i>	<i>Tryber finds a lifelong partner</i>
<i>Chapter thirteen.....</i>	<i>The Great Battle against Poverty.</i>
<i>Chapter fourteen.....</i>	<i>Explosion of the Dynamite.</i>

Chapter 1

Realizing that her life was in danger, her heart thumped with terror. Taking a second glance at him, she could not believe her sight. Glad had encountered Sheck Dee Wise the man who murdered in order to obtain human body parts for magical purposes.

“This is the day I am going to die”, she whispered to herself.

She stared at him as he drew closer to her and knew that she had to act like a warrior. Looking at his red bloody eyes, she felt terrified. She quickly realized that escaping was impossible so trying to fight was the best. By the time when Sheck Dee drew closer to her she had already squared up to him. Before she managed to blow him with a fist, he had skillfully trapped her down. He stroked her round shaped head with the handle of his axe. He almost broke her skull. She writhed in agony but there was nothing else she could do other than cry.

By then Sheck Dee Wise was taking his knife from deep inside his pocket. It was even sharper than a razor blade and long enough to be called a sword. It was palpable that the knife was once silver in color but by then it was dark colored due to human blood which had clotted on it. He held his knife ready to stab Glad's bulging swollen stomach wrapped in an oversized shapeless outfit. He spoke some words which were not audible enough to Glad. She knew that it was his incantation.

“Lord! How long shall I suffer”, she said unintentionally.

As he further lifted his knife a considerable distance enough to stab her to death, she closed her eyes and mysteriously dodged. Sheck Dee Wise vigorously dipped almost half his knife into the crump structured soil. He then throttled her until she could no longer breathe. By a hairs breadth, Glad managed to secretly creep away as he was struggling to pull out his knife from the earth's crust. She ran away while chased her along the bushy dusty road full of thorn bushes. As he knew that he could no longer catch her, he shot her back with his set of bow and arrow. She ignored the pain for that moment and accelerated away from him. Along the way she tripped over a stump but she did not mind though she was then in a pool of blood. She discredited the fact that she was five months pregnant and continued running as fast as cheetah. Sheck Dee was tired by then so he surrendered and called her '*an ambassador of evil*' but I do not think she was. Glad continued running until she could no longer make a step forward. She eventually felt dizzy and fell besides another well sprout bush.

She was rescued by a hunter after his dogs had barked loudly and restlessly over her bloody body. She was taken to Torwood Hospital since she could no longer talk. Unfortunately the nurses were on a strike so she spent about three days without any medical assistance. On the fourth day she was told by one of the nurses not to take food for the preceding eight hours in preparation for a surgical operation. She tried by all means to deny it but was forced due to her serious condition.

“This is the end of my life”, she thought to herself.

By then Sav was worried and dwelling in pandemonium over the missing of her beloved wife. He was worried mostly about Tom who was still a toddler and needed his mother's care always. The last time when he parted ways with Glad was when she was going into the jungle in search of firewood. She had promised to be back

within the next two hours. Sav had reported the case to the police but it seemed to be a fruitless effort. The police had only published that Glad was missing but no one had proven to have any idea about where she was. He made telephone calls to almost all her friends and relatives in search of her. All they did was to ask him whether they had a quarrel over something that could have upset Glad and led to her disappearance. Everyone who knew her was very much worried about her pregnancy. They all feared that she might have been stressed up with something that could lead to her third miscarriage. They were all *meandering in the tributaries of confusion*.

As for Glad she starved for the prescribed hours and the following day she was taken to the hospital theatre. Though she had no identity, it did not matter as much as she thought. The theatre was too small to accommodate more than three patients at a time. Though there was a light bulb glowing brightly, it was palpable that the room was by itself dark and frightening since there wasn't any window but some ventilation gauze instead. She lay on the single bed provided whilst the whole process was about to begin. The nurse injected her some anesthetic drugs as she told her the folktale of a talking lion. When the surgeon came in he found out that she had fallen unconscious a few seconds earlier. He started performing the surgical operation on her.

“Oh! My God! ”, the doctor screamed.

For the first time the nurse heard Doctor Chik screaming. She remained quiet but saturated with unanswered questions. She continued with a blank stare on him as he removed the covering on his mouth. He shook his head continuously while frowning his face. He stared at the nurse with a grin and asked her in a terrifying voice:

“Why? Why is this pregnant woman unconscious?”

He continued shaking his head like a psychic at a traditional ceremony and after a pause said;

“I am sorry that we have already lost the child.”

There was a moment of silence as the nurse was thunderstruck by the doctor's speech. She almost screamed but she was held by the fact that it was totally against her profession. She took all the blame to herself but there was nothing else she could do. She realized that she had made the greatest mistake of all her mistakes, making a pregnant woman fall unconscious- Oh! What a mistake.

“Anyway never mind for we cannot undo the mistake. Let's just keep it a secret to ourselves. For now let us focus on rescuing this patient in time but next time; be careful not to be that much stupid”, the doctor said while checking time on the wall watch.

“Firstly let us focus on delivering this still baby and then deal with those injuries afterwards. Take the situation normal and remember that you ought to be rock hearted” he said to the nurse.

The nurse felt a bit relieved but still she had a lot to worry about. This was her first mistake that had to cost the life of an innocent unborn baby. They continued the process in silence for the next few minutes and delivered the corpse of the baby from its mother's womb. Then after they injected Glad with another drug to help her withstand the pain while stitching her wounds.

The police men and the rest of the family members had been struggling with their minds over where to find either Glad or her corpse. They had moved from place to place including mortuaries in search of her. Now that they had visited Torwood Hospital, they moved from ward to ward including male wards in search of her. Eventually they came across another gynecologist who highlighted to them that there was a woman who had no identity in the theatre room. They tried to describe Glad to him but all he told them was that he had not mastered her actual appearance. He assured them that she would be back to the hospital wards within the next few hours.

Though Sav was a brave man he was then mourning the absence of his leman, not to mention Tom who was almost drowning in his tears. The scenario was truly heartbreaking and head cracking. The police men were then sick and tired of the search. Trouble was then Sav's daily bread as he faced threats from Glad's family members.

"If she is dies you are going to pay at least three hundred cattle and some money so that our fore fathers will at least pardon you", once said one of Glad's uncles to Sav.

This was then about five days since the disappearance of Glad. Sav neither fed nor took a bath. All he did was to spend the entire days in the battle fields of his thoughts. Tom was under the care of his grandmother but still missed her sweet mom very much. All he did was to cry and cry until he finally slept. This gave the whole family an unbearable form of trouble.

After about two and a halve hours, the gynecologist came back to them. He asked for only two of Glad's closest relatives and the policemen to go and have a look at the woman whom he suspected to be Glad. He led them back to the female wards. Peeping through the glazed walls of the ward Sav could easily identify his wife.

"There she is!" he shouted while overtaking the gynecologist.

He quickly checked his pulse rate and found out that she was still alive. He kissed her on the fore head and then gave a smile of relief.

"She is the one, doctor!" he said to the gynecologist.

"But she seems to be still asleep for her pulse rate is normal", he continued.

He stared at Glad's face which was shining brightly and then said, "Doctor, were you modifying her beauty all this while? She is now more of an angel." Everyone else who was around gave laughter of relief.

He then looked at her stomach expecting to see an uprising feature inside the blankets. Unfortunately there wasn't any sign of pregnancy. Suddenly the rest of the family members as well as Doctor Chik entered the hospital ward. Glad was awakened by their footsteps; she was surprised to see most of her relatives surrounding her. She shed tears of joy as she had seen Tom and the rest once again.

"Well ladies and gentlemen; my name is Doctor P. Chik and I'm the one who had been treating her. I am sorry to mention that your beloved one lost her pregnancy due to sustained rigorous pains and excessive loss of blood. We thank God that I and my nurses have done our best to save her life otherwise as we are speaking right now she could have been with Moses and the rest of the Angels in Heaven" he said. There was a moment of silence,

Sav fainted while Glad's mother collapsed and the poor little Tom screamed as if he knew what was going on.

Chapter 2

Torwood was just a remote squatter camp located about four kilometers to the western side of Redcliff, the home of steel. There lived employees of another steel company called RISCUM. The citizens of Torwood earned only enough to feed their families. Most of them could not afford to send their children to schools. Schooling was just a luxury to them which they discredited its importance. There was only one secondary school called Drake, named after a white man Venture Drake who had a farm just on the door step of Torwood. The school consisted of only four blocks which catered for up to *A level*. It was located on the western side of George Hill, the only primary school in Torwood. There wasn't any preschool, neither was there any E.C.D institution. The squatter camp consisted of about ten thousand squatters excluding multi numbered infants. It was characterized by numerous dome shaped card board box houses. No one afforded to build permanent houses made of bricks. At the center of Torwood were the so called toilets built of pores and dagga and everyone depended upon these if not the bush; no wonder why the rate of spread of diseases was sky rocketing. At one time numerous people lost their lives due to Cholera the pandemic. If not the Red Cross society which offered some rescue measures, everyone could have been a victim of Cholera. Children often perambulated bare footed for they had no shoes. Some under the age of ten could go to play a considerable distance away from their homes only with their underwear. To them it seemed normal for they were used to such kind of a life style. Proper clothing was occasional to them. Truly speaking, Torwood was an underdeveloped and less civilized ghetto.

At the Northern end of Torwood lived another witch doctor called Ahghoshtoh. He was well known for his never failing magic and sorcery. As long as money was being paid nothing was impossible with him. So many people were healed by him while some were crippled by his sorcery. To some he gave lucky charms while to some he casted bad lucky. He was a well-established witch doctor that so many great people of no little accomplishment bent their backs into his tent for his service. His tent was ever surrounded by some thirty centimeter tall bold headed men with multi numbered long beards. He called them the Angangas. Their duty was to protect him from attacks including spiritual attacks. In case that there were any misunderstanding between their master and his clients they were responsible for corporally punishing the client weather wrong or right. They had a motto that their master Ahghoshtoh is never wrong.

For about ten years he was the one who supported Sheck Dee Wise's hooliganism. He gave him the most powerful juju ever. In return Sheck Dee offered human beings as sacrifices to him; that was why he was after Glad's life then. After every sacrifice he was entitled to an overflow of fortunes. His businesses experienced an indescribable boom of profits while his cattle back in his farm house also beard at least two calves each. He was given different types of goblins, each of which had its own specific role to play in his life. The other one called *Chidhodhamudhara* was responsible for magically collecting maize meal from the neighbors. It was also responsible for magically stealing money from other people. In actual facts Sheck Dee lived a luxurious life because of Ahghoshtoh.

From the day he missed Glad he had not yet set his eyes on Ahghoshtoh, neither did he attempt to pay him a visit. He was ashamed of facing him for he had missed his target for the first time in his life. He knew that

Ahghoshtoh would mock him until death. He therefore spent most of his time exercising a lot, often jogging a total of ten kilometers after every three hours. He did not want to be embarrassed by missing his prey any longer. He did not want his victims to escape him again as Glad had done. Truly speaking Sheck Dee was preparing for a massive attack on whosoever Ahghoshtoh was to point for him as a sacrifice in place of Glad.

Three months later Sheck Dee thought of consulting Ahghoshtoh concerning the issue of his next target. He was prepared to endure any mockery from him pertaining to the issue of Glad. He felt no longer secure on his own for he feared that the corpse would sniff his odor until he become a victim of their bondage so he wanted another charm against the corps.

In actual facts, the corps had kept an eye on him while the state C.I.D (Criminal Investigation Department) was carrying out some secret investigations. They had been too inquisitive to Glad over the issue of her attack. Glad only told them that all she could reminisce was that she was attacked by a man who she thought to be Sheck Dee Wise. She had never met him before but had heard of him before. She thought that he lived in the jungle so she kept on insisting the corps to undergo a thorough search in the forest she had the attack. She had never thought that Sheck Dee could look somehow ordinary to live amongst them in Torwood.

One day Sheck Dee woke up early in the morning, he made himself a cup of coffee and lit his cigarette as usual. He did not go for the ten kilometer jog that day. Instead he propelled himself towards Ahghoshtoh's house. To his surprise he met no *Angangas* as usual and he saw no sign of fire on the fire place. He neither saw people gathering nor hear Ahghoshtoh's interpreter singing and playing the drum as usual. He was confused by the way things seemed to be going on. He took off his shoes by the door way and clapped his hands as customary. He heard no response once again and he began wondering whether his master was around.

"But then even if he is not around his *Angangas* must be on duty", he said unintentionally.

He then bent his back and forced himself in through the open door. Just as he stepped in, he heard a faint voice speaking to him. He did not actually get what was being said but all he heard was that someone had said something. He turned his eyes towards where the voice seemed to be from and was astonished to discover that it was Ahghoshtoh on his death bed. He threw his cigarette away and moved towards him.

"Aaaah..... Sheck Dee, you almost missed me. You have been my regular and reliable client. Now that I have set my eyes on you, I can give up the ghost at any moment from now", he whispered slowly.

Sheck Dee could not believe what he was seeing. It's only that he was a brave man otherwise he could have screamed. He knelt down and began talking to his master who in turn told him that the world had turned inside out for him. He told him that he had an argument with his *Angangas* over the issue of the human blood he had drunk on his own. His *Angangas* argued that they had to share the blood as usual so they decided to attack him to death before varnishing.

"You will not die, master", replied Sheck Dee Wise while tears were cascading down his cheeks.

For the first time he shed tears after decades. Ahghoshtoh's condition was so heart breaking that he could no longer cope. He forced himself out and went back to his house where he threw himself on top of his single bed. He began to ponder over what his life could be without Ahghoshtoh. It meant that all his businesses would soon

be bankrupt. He took all the blame to himself for he had not offered the sacrifice in time. He began to discover that the world had turned upside down for him too.

He jumped out of his bed and took some snuff and began sniffing while preparing himself a very long cigarette of marijuana so that he could at least attain peace of mind. He lit the cigarette and began puffing out the smoke through his nostrils until. He eventually fell asleep with a stub holding the stub in between his fingers.

Though it wasn't during the rainy season, there was a sudden buildup of thick dark clouds. Everyone was astonished by the sudden change of the weather. Inspector JJ and Constable Mayaz who were on their way to Sheck Dee Wise's house decided to get back to their police station before the rain fell. For the next hour there was a severe hail storm accompanied by a series of lightning and thunder while some very weird sounds were being observed from the sky. After the rain, thick darkness covered the whole of Torwood and then after, the sun shone brightly as the weather resumed to normal. All the people began to fear that the end of the world could have been at hand. Only a few elders including Sheck Dee knew what the great sign meant. It meant that the great one Ahghoshtoh had died.

Inspector JJ and Constable Mayaz could no longer trust the whether so they took an umbrella and some rain coats with them. They took also their note books and went to Sheck Dee Wise's house. They arrived in no time. They did not bother themselves knocking, so they silently bent their backs into his tent. Surprisingly they found Sheck Dee Wise in a pool of tears with a cigarette of marijuana in his hand. Sheck Dee was thunderstruck to see corps in his tent, his heart pounced interminably.

"Inspector; Ahghoshtoh is gone, I am finished!" he screamed to the corps.

Both the corps gave him a few minutes to stabilize. While so doing, Inspector JJ took a glance around his room and saw something he thought to be a sword. He took out his camera from their plastic bag and captured a photograph of it. Eventually, constable Mayaz broke the silence as he said "Hey we don't have the whole day here so quickly wipe off your tears. Stop the weeping and pay attention to us, is that clear?" Sheck Dee silently did as he was instructed by constable Mayaz. He rose from his bed and threw his cigarette out through the door and then sat on his bed while facing the two. There was a moment of silence as the corps was trying to observe his emotions in relation to his actions.

"Ok Mr. Sheck Dee Wise, I am Inspector JJ from the state C.I.D and this is Constable Mayaz", inspector JJ finally broke the silence. "Can you briefly explain to us how you spent the last weekend of yours, three months ago", he continued.

Sheck Dee did the explanation while the two did the writing into their note books. Constable Mayaz did the audio recording of the conversation with his mobile phone. Afterwards they took him to the police station for further questioning.

By then Glad was about one and a half months pregnant. Sheck Dee Wise had found himself a lawyer. The prosecution was pressing charges against him for attempting to murder Glad and causing her miscarriage, which they referred to as abortion. His lawyer, Mr. Taps had gathered that Glad had a series of miscarriages before encountering Sheck Dee. He argued that his client was not responsible for her miscarriage since Glad had her usual routine of miscarriages. The court had suggested that the case should be suspended for the further nine months, until Glad had given birth or had another miscarriage. Meanwhile Sheck Dee was to be either

remanded in custody or entitled to a US\$1000 bail out. Fortunately he managed to bail himself out and he was to report to the police station on a weekly basis until his case resumed.

Chapter 3

During her gestation period, Glad fasted and prayed not to have another miscarriage again. She grew in faith day by day as the ninth month of her pregnancy drew closer. Sav moved from one prophet to another trying to secure his wife's pregnancy. Not to mention his mother in law who was after *sangomas* and traditional healers. It's like everyone, except the five year old Tom, was trying by all means to help Glad make it to the final stages of her pregnancy. Though pastors, *sangomas* and traditional healers are always at par, because of Glad they were forced to have a common enemy which was miscarriage. It was on a Monday the thirty first of July in the year nineteen ninety five (1995) when, soon after supper, Glad started to crumble in agony of the unbearable labor pains. Sav had a panic for he feared that any moment from that time; Glad could lose her pregnancy once again. He did not know what to do then. All that he could do was to rush to one of the prophets to seek for assistance. Gondo was that kind of a prophet who did not want to complicate things so he helped Sav look for a vehicle for hire. Fortunately it did not take them time to find the vehicle so they took Glad to the hospital and then after, they went to the *Krawa* to pray. After speaking in tongues he told Sav that The Holy Spirit was within his family and that in no time Glad was to conceive a baby boy who was a special gift from God. Sav could not believe what the prophet had just told him. He went back to the hospital filled with enthusiasm and imagining him being a father of two.

"Truly. I will be a great man of no little accomplishment. I will give praise to Gondo and will show love to my second born child. Truly I will be a happy man ever if my wife makes it", he thought to himself.

He went to the maternity ward from behind and peeped through the window.

"Get off the window! You stupid man!" shouted the hospital grounds man who was watering the flower beds at night since there was a water shortage problem during the day.

Naturally Sav was short-tempered but that day he did not mind the humiliation he had from the grounds man. Just as he turned around he heard the cry of a baby. He jumped up and down like a kid at a kindergarten filled with happiness. He quickly rushed into the maternity ward and met and met one of the matrons along the corridor who told him that his wife had conceived a baby boy. He knelt down and shed tears of joy. That was around half past eleven midnight when their special gift from God took its first breath on earth. Finally he went back home full of bliss and felicity.

Three days later, Sav and Glad sat down to give a name to their newly born baby. Glad said that she wanted the child to be named Trymore for she had tried so many times before she could conceive, while Sav wanted the boy to be named Rugare. They argued for long until Pastor Max finally found his way into their house under the influence of the Holy Spirit. He confirmed that the child was a special gift from God and suggested that he should be named *Tryberforce* for he was the greatest force against poverty.

"I had a vision that the boy is indeed a great man of no little accomplishment. He is supernaturally intelligent and through his intelligence he shall cast away your poverty. Before I leave I suggest that you accept all the three names for they are all Holly", said Pastor Max with his eyes closed and holding his Bible.

Sav and Glad never attempted to object the Pastors vision so they accepted all the three names but they frequently called the child Tryberforce for they respected the Pastors vision most.

The existence of Tryberforce was a grace to Sav and Glad whilst a disgrace to Sheck Dee Wise and his lawyer, Mr. Taps. Exactly on the first day of the ninth month from the day the court was postponed, Inspector JJ and Constable Mayaz confirmed the birth of Tryberforce. They handed over the information to the prosecution team and their superiors who in turn sat down to plan for Sheck Dee Wise's judgment day. They appointed Madhara Peace, Sheck Dee Wise's brother to be the magistrate dealing with that case. When Sheck Dee reported to the police station as usual, he was remanded in custody for three days waiting for his judgment.

Chapter 4

In most cases we become victims of circumstances, we in turn hold reality with partiality. We tend to stick to the prescribed principles if and only if they are in favor of us. Facts are fact and should always sequester for justice to prevail. Madhara Peace stood by the door step of the court room with a blank stare. It was palpable that he was dwelling in pandemonium. Tears were cascading down his cheeks as though they would erode them. His red bloody eyes, just as Sheck Dee Wise's, were wide open, twice the size of an owl's. He continued staring at his brother who was standing inside the prisoner dock, facing the prosecutor. He shook his head as though he were a *Sangoma* just as Ahghoshtoh's custom. He began groaning with a grin on his face, like a dog grumbling at someone who has just dispossessed it from a gravy chunk of meat which it was gormandizing upon. Truly his brother had proven to be a disgrace to him. He did not know what to do then as his head was saturated with confusion and a series of unanswered questions.

"My name is Madhara Peace, the advocate of truth, peace and justice", he said to himself while frowning his thoughtful face.

Sheck Dee was his biological brother and was the first born child in their family. He had been the one taking care of the family expenses ever since their parents perished in a road accident when he was just eighteen while Madhara Peace was still twelve. Since they were the only two children in their family is the one who catered for Madhara Peace school fees through his hooliganism. He had afforded to send him to the University of Zimbabwe which was the most expensive but highly reputable University in Southern Africa. Madhara Peace had attained a doctorate in law through Sheck Dee so he loved him very much except that he did not like his hooliganism. He tried to warn him for several times but he had never inclined his ears to his young brother's words of caution. Due to shortage of employment in Zimbabwe during that time, Madhara Peace was just working as a magistrate in Torwood. Because of the quality of his education he was made responsible for higher order criminal offenses. All along he was well known for his justice for he neither tolerated any nonsense nor accepted any form of bribery. He was the first of his kind on this planet that everyone wished every advocate of law to be like him for Zimbabwe to be the best place ever to be.

That day he was indeed a victim of circumstances. He did not want to spoil his reputation at the same time he did not want to disappoint his brother. He wished he had never chosen such kind of a carrier for it had made him experience peak point of hell whilst on earth. He finally forced himself into the court room while the rest of the court attendants were on their feet as a sign of honor. He dragged his feet slowly like a sheep being led to its slaughter. Like a hungry choiceless mouse drawing closer to a handful of nuts on a trap it took him long to get to his chair. He eventually threw himself on to the chair while the rest of the court attendants got settled. Everyone in the Court was eager to know what Madhara Peace's judgment was going to be. Standing on the eastern door of the room was an objective minded hunk from the national television broadcasting company, holding his pen and ready to jot down notes on every step taken into his neatly covered notebook. He had already focused his video camera on a metal stand, focusing on Madhara Peace the magistrate.

Sheck Dee stood callously before the court. Though he was ungodly, inwardly he was thanking God for letting his brother be responsible for his criminal case. He was saturated with optimism that he began planning in his

mind new tricks on how to get rid of the corps whenever practicing his hooliganism. He felt secure enough that he never missed Ahghoshtohs lucky charms.

In no time the prosecutor narrated all he had against Sheck Dee Wise. She revealed that Sheck Dee was arrested following his case of attempted murder as well as grievously assaulting a pregnant woman leading to her miscarriage.

“Further investigations showed that Sheck Dee was responsible for the mysterious death of Mr. Masango, that hunter who had disappeared last year and whose body was discovered after some days but with some body organs missing. He is also the one who hacked into the bank account of one of the national diamond mining companies and transferred all the money into anonymous bank accounts. Exhibits with me here do here by corroborate my facts, as well as the photograph of the knife which was once described by Mrs. Glad Mus”, the prosecutor exclaimed.

Suddenly there was a murmur in the Court which was broken by Madhara Peace as he rang the bell to maintain order in the court. The prosecutor continued with her prosecutions for the few minutes further before Mr. Taps, Sheck Dee Wises lawyer objected. He defended his client in a more diplomatic manner since he was an old horse in the faculty of law but all his efforts were fruitless. They were more of using an ancient shield against an atomic bomb, a weapon of mass destruction. It was knavery and vain. His client’s cases were of higher order that a life in jail, if not a death sentence was supposed to be imposed on him beyond any reasonable doubt. The fact that Glad had conceived had completely dismissed the point that she had her usual routine of miscarriages which seemed to be the only strong argument raised by Mr. Taps. For quite a long time, there was an extensive prevalence of silence in the court; it was high time Madhara Peace outline his judgment and everyone wanted to hear it from the horse’s mouth. He was struggling with his mind over how to handle the matter which was at hand.

“Should I sentence him a life in jail? No; he will hate me for the rest of his life. If I give him a death sentence what will the world at large think about me? If I set him free I will have violated the constitution and disrespected my profession” he struggled with his mind.

Sheck Dee Wise stared at Madhara Peace with a smile on his face as he was compiling the papers and exhibits which were scattered all over his desk. He expected nothing else other than exoneration by his brother. Madhara Peace callously starred at him for a while and then faced the court attendants before imposing a death sentence on him. The rest of the attendants murmured in astonishment while Glad and others rejoiced that good reddens had gone to bad rubbish. Sheck Dee Wise felt feeble as though he were subjected to an electric shock from the 920 Mega Watts Hwange Thermal Power Station. In no time he fell soporific as he had received the greatest shock of his life. Madhara Peace finally dismissed the court after proclaiming that he was “*the advocate of truth, peace and justice*”- truly he was.

Chapter 5

It was around 1700hrs on a Sunday when Glad was bathing Tryberforce in a small bucket she was given as a gift by Mrs. Chad her next door neighbor. Her mind was ever relaxed and peaceful ever since she achieved Tryberforce her goal after a long struggle. Tryberforce was as usual crying since bathing was his greatest enemy. Tom was playing outside with his toy car. While Glad was dressing up Tryber, she heard Tom screaming and shouting “Granny! Granny! Granny!”, from outside. She thought he was joking but with the curiosity of a child, she opened the door a little bit and peeped outside. She saw an old woman with a walking stick, dressed in ragged clothes and carrying a plastic bag.

“Mom!”, she screamed too, frightening Tryber, who had kept quiet that he resumed crying. As the old lady heard the cry of a baby she knelt down, raised her hands with her eyes wide open to the sky.

“Thank you great-ones for answering my prayers and accepting my sacrifices; I now call upon my ancestors to lead and guide this sibling of mine”, she prayed.

She then rose up, grabbed Glad and shed tears of joy.

“So finally my daughter, the great-ones have given you a baby”, she sighed, with tears running down her cheeks.

They then bent their backs into the dome shaped cardboard box house in which Tryberforce was. Glad continued dressing up Tryber and finally handed him over to her mother. Afterwards they discussed a lot as they shared their joy. In no time Sav returned home from work and met her mother in law.

“So the postmen are now effective these days”, he said while facing her mother in law.

“I wrote her a letter about a month ago, informing her about the good news”, he continued while facing Glad. That day there was an indescribable boom of happiness within Glad’s family. They discussed and discussed until midnight when they finally responded to the call of nature after having their late supper.

Time went on and years passed by while Tryberforce grew under the custody of his parents who loved him a lot. They taught him good manners and he mastered them all. He knew how to greet elderly people in a customary manner. He had respect towards anyone not of his age that many people admired him. He usually played with his beloved brother Tom after school hours. Tom had made a wire toy car for him. He usually drove it right round the few square meters of their yard, while Tom was still at school. What Glad liked most about Tryberforce was his smartness; did not enjoy playing with dust and mud like other children of his age. He often cried when ever his clothes got spoiled. He was such a rare species that ever existed in their community.

One morning Tryberforce just disappeared from their home. At first his mother thought that he had escorted Tom to School as usual. She did not mind very much for she thought that he would be back in no time. She knew him as a clever young boy who rarely played away from home for he loved his wire toy car so much that he preferred driving it around their yard all the time. He ever feared that bullies would rob him of his car so he knew that the best way to secure it was to stay home which was beyond their reach. Glad prepared their breakfast which consisted of black coffee and some *Chimiranebhodho*. *Chimiranebhodho* was an African type of bread prepared by mixing maize meal with some salt and sugar. These were stirred together using hot water until dough of a considerable thickness was obtained. It was spread on the inner walls of a cooking pot and a considerable amount of water was boiled at the base of the pot for the dough to be cooked through steaming. It was usually prepared on fire. Around 0900hrs Glad finally had her breakfast. She kept Tryber’s food near the fireplace for it to remain warm while wondering what he was up to. She finally did the washing of some clothes.

While so doing, Mrs. Bere her friend paid her a visit. They talked and laughed a lot while she rinsed the clothes and finally put them on the washing line for drying.

Mrs. Bere was her friend ever since she got married. They worshiped in the same church while their husbands drank beer together. This is what strengthened their relationship for long. They used to assist each other especially in times of trouble. They trusted each other and also invited each other for dinner. Mrs. Bere had five children who were equally spaced with a three year gap. Because she was also an objective minded and narrow versioned woman, she had sacrificed to send all her children to school. This made her seem a bit lower than Glad financially for she had five children calling for school fees as compared to Glad who had only Tom. The two usually had time together while their children had gone to school and their husbands to work. At around twelve noon Mrs. Bere told Glad that she was going back to her house to prepare lunch for her family. Tryberforce was not yet back home, Glad his name but he was nowhere to be found. She asked Mrs. Bere to help her find him, on her way back home. She moved around the compound and asked so many people whether they had seen him. In no time Tom returned home from school. To his surprise he found no *sadza* near the fire place. He only saw some few pieces of *Chimiranebhodho* in a green basin and also a cup of black coffee in the tea pot. He thought that it was his for lunch so he set under a tree and enjoyed himself.

Glad feared that Tryber could have been victimized by such unscrupulous personnel who took after the late Sheck Dee Wise. Tears ran down her cheeks as she headed towards the police station. When she was about five hundred meters away from the police station she saw two little children from afar walking along the dusty road emanating from Venture Drake's farm house. The other one was a girl while the other was a boy carrying a cardboard box in his head. She continued looking at them and finally discovered that the boy was Tryberforce so she ran to meet them. By the time they drew closer to each other, Tryber noticed her mom so he ran towards her with his cardboard box in his head.

"Mom! Look, I have made myself plenty of these airplanes from maize stalk!", he shouted at a distance.

"Where are you coming from?" Glad shouted ferociously to him.

"Mom, meet my friend Mun, we were playing house together and I have made these" he said while showing the airplanes to her mother.

"I said: Where are you coming from?" she repeated, whipping off her tears.

"We had gone to the maize field with my friend Mun in search of maize stalks for making aero planes so that one day when I grow up I will sell them." he replied whilst he was shivering.

Glad looked inside the cardboard box and saw plenty of maize stalk structures with dry leaves at their ends. She then looked at the two little children who were about to cry and cooled down her temper. She shook her head and finally said, "Let this be the first and last time you go away without my awareness. Is that understood?" "Yes mom, I am really sorry but will you allow me to keep these inside for other children will steal them?" sighed Tryberforce in a low tone.

"Ok ,there is no problem." She replied.

"So where does your friend stay? By the way you said that her name is what?" she asked.

" Her name is Mun and she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chara who just wedded a few months ago at our Church." Tryberforce replied, in a more confident voice.

"Oh! By the way, I have remembered her. Her mother is also a good friend of mine. Now Mun go back home and tell your mother that you will be playing with Tryber at our house, Understood?" she said while facing Mun.

"Yes mam!" she replied while running towards their house.

From that day onwards, Tryberforce and Mun played together. They grew to be best friends just as Glad and Mrs. Bere . They usually ran around Glad's compound with the so called aero planes which Tryberforce had made. Tryber liked her so much that he ever felt grounded whenever his mom forbids him from going to see her. Their parents' relationship got strengthened because of the two.

This was when Tryber was five years old while Mun was three. Glad was expecting another baby, whom she had already named Org, to take a first breath in April the following year. This time around they were all optimistic and had given no room for complications during her maternity labor.

Chapter 6

The following year Tryberforce was turning six and that was in the year 2001. He had not yet reached the minimum age required for a child to enroll for grade one at the newly constructed R.J Davies Primary School. The school only enrolled those who had already turned six and a few who would turn six during the first term. Tryberforce was turning six towards the end of the second term so this worried Glad and Sav so much for they wanted him to start schooling that year. They did not want him to go to George Hill Primary for it was far away from their house. Fortunately Mrs. Shumba the teacher who was in charge of the enrolment worshiped in the same church with Glad so she knew Tryberforce as a clever and well-mannered young boy. She liked him so much that she wished he was her own. When she heard that he had not qualified for the enrolment she was so worried that she decided to adjust the enrollment conditions so as to cater for him. This favor pleased Glad and Sav so much that they thanked her a lot.

R.J Davies Primary had just been completed a few years back while Tryberforce was still young. Its construction was sponsored by a white man from England, Sir Richard John Davies. This was his first donation to the poor community of Torwood; hence the name R. J Davies Primary as an honor to him. It was built during the same period when Batanai High School was also built as a development by the Zimbabwean government.

Tryberforce liked going to school very much for he finally had an opportunity to meet new friends. He also liked to be in a school uniform, a privilege which he longed for quite a long time. His new teacher was Mrs. Kubvoruno and he did not like her very much for she was too strict when it comes to school work. She closely supervised him for she had observed that he was too playful and did not enjoy doing his school work. Truly all he enjoyed was playing around with his toy aeroplane around the class room whenever she is not around. She made efforts of destroying the toys but that seemed a fruitless effort for Tryber was then an expert in designing such toys, he usually made some during break time. At one time she made an effort of complaining to Glad about Tryber's laziness.

"Thank you Mrs. Kubvoruno for you are such a loving and caring teacher." Glad once said. "I am now permitting you to corporally punish him until he meets your standards." She continued in the presence of Tryber.

From that day onwards he behaved like a proper school child and developed passion towards his school work. He knew the right time to play and not to play with his so called aeroplanes. He behaved normally for he feared to be beaten up. By so doing he grew to be Mrs. Kubvoruno's best friend. He was made a group leader because of his behavior then. Glad was happy to hear about Tryber's improvement in the way he conducted himself. She encouraged him to keep the fire burning and she thanked Mrs. Kubvoruno so much for her great achievement, refocusing Tryber into a good pupil. At the end of the term Tryber took the twenty first position in his stream. That wasn't that much bad for a newly enrolled grade one student. When he showed his academic report book to Tom who was then in grade six, he teased him a lot for he had attained the third position in his stream. This angered Tryberforce a lot that he ended up crying. Mun saw her friend crying but said nothing for she knew

nothing about schooling yet. She only grabbed him and wiped off his tears, looking at Tom with a ferocious eye since she could not beat him up. Tom persisted with his teasing until Sav harassed him.

That holiday Tryberforce did not enjoy playing too much. He spent most of his time in doors, asking anyone around to assist him in his studies for he did not want to be mocked by Tom again. He vowed to be amongst those of highest excellence for ever in his school work. This pleased Glad and Sav so much for they had never seen such an ambitious young little boy in their lives. He kept the bob oscillating that the following term he took the fourteenth position and in his final year as a grade one student, he scooped position number seven overall. That was quite a great improvement. Mrs. Kubvoruno was pleased about this improvement so she thanked Glad for assisting Tryber. However both Glad and Sav thanked Tom who had raised such kind of a spirit in Tryber. As for Tryber he did not give up the spirit of hard work. He made it part of his personality at a tender age so he continued improve in his academic standards day by day. Mrs. Kubvoruno taught him until he finished grade two. She handed him over to Mrs. Phiri who also experienced the same on him. Every teacher who knew him was pleased by his academic personalities for he was such kind of a guy who kept raising his flag higher and higher every time.

He was also an outstanding footballer who played soccer very well as a goal defender. The only distinction between Tryber and his fellow footballers was that he did not want to mix football with schooling. He knew that football was capable of dividing his attention towards schooling so; he did not want Tom to tease him again because of football. For that reason he did not want to be in the school soccer team. Because of his excellence in street football he was recruited by the 'Torwood Young Tigers' football club (T.Y.T fc). What made him opt for T.Y.T fc was that their training sessions kicked off from 1700hrs up to 1900hrs of which would not affect his learning. He was one of the youngest foot ballers in the club as little as he was.

When he was in grade four Mrs. Dube his new teacher preoccupied them, as a class, with a lot of assignments that it became a challenge for him to finish up his assignments and get to the training sessions on time. He then decided to focus on his school work only and retire being a footballer. The Torwood Young Tigers football club experienced a great loss for Tryber had become one of their key players. Since he had made his decision already, they had nothing else they could do other than recruiting a new player to replace him. When Mrs. Dube heard that her student had made such an intelligent decision, she began to see a great life in Tryber's future. She even commented positively about him in the staff meetings. This raised an alarm to other staff members that they began studying his character. Also because of his ever improving intelligence he was nominated to be a prefect when he was in grade five. If not because of the deputy head mistress that looked down upon him because of his small body, he could have qualified to be a prefect. He himself did not mind very much for he understood that he could never gain control over such big bodied bullies as Kelvin and Winston. He knew that being neutral in terms of power would free him from being hated by unscrupulous students because of punishing them.

His love towards Mrs. Kubvoruno never died for he often paid her visits to during his spare time and break time. He usually helped her maintain order in her cupboard so she sited him as a role model to the rest of her students. She even recommended him to the music teacher who was responsible for the school choir. This was because she liked his sweet voice and wanted him to aid in raising the school flag higher and higher through music. When he was in grade six, Mrs. Chuma the music teacher appointed him to be part of the school choir. He did not argue since he had heard that it was because of Mrs. Kubvoruno's influence. Because of his love and respect towards her he vowed to do his best not to disappoint her. During third term when Inter School choir

competitions were at hand, Mrs. Chuma together with Mr. Mubaiwa led the daily practices. There came a time when students were auditioned, singing one by one, as means of selecting the best who would represent the school. All the teachers, including Mrs. Kubvoruno and the headmaster were present too. To a surprise of everybody, Tryberforce proved to be the best singer of them all, as young and little as he was.

“Truly, dynamite comes in small packages.” the headmaster commented while the rest clapped their hands for Tryber. The school choir consisted of many grade six and seven students but Tryberforce proved to be the paragon of them all. On the Annual Speech and Prize giving Day he scooped the prize of being the best singer. He also received a prize of being the most improving students in his stream. This made Sav and Glad proud of him all the times. They wished his young sister Org could take after his brother Tryberforce. Of course, Tom as well was well mannered and intelligent but Tryberforce was by far much better than him. He was in actual facts the best icon to children of the whole community.

When he was in grade six, Mun was in grade four. Because of the poor life style in Torwood which wasn't up to standard, the rest of Chara family had gone into exile in search of greener pastures. This led Mun and her brother to go to expensive boarding schools. They were no longer based in Torwood so both Tryber and Mun missed each other so much. Tom was doing his final year in secondary school. As soon as he finished writing his O level exam, he went to Gweru in search of greener pastures too. He was in a constant manner to fish his family out of poverty and this was in the year 2006.

The following year Tryberforce was doing in his grade seven and this time around Mrs. Phiri was his teacher. She gave her class no chance to relax. Like Mrs. Dube, she pre-occupied them with assignments and class work. She established another rule of her own, to her students in addition to the school rules. Normally school began at half past seven but she had adjusted the starting time to six o'clock for her class. All students of hers who arrived some minutes after six were entitled a severe corporal punishment. Also anyone who failed his or her assignment was entitled to a severe corporal punishment. In actual facts she had the passion towards her class. Beating them was not a sign of hatred but a way to uproot laziness and failure from them.

“No one is expected to fail mathematics for you work and you prove if your answer is correct on your own. No one is expected to fail English language. As for comprehension the answers are there in the passage and for essay writing, everyone must be creative. Above all, failing Shona is a serious offense for it is your native language. I don't find any reason why you cannot excel in your exams” she often said to her class.

She tried by all means to make her class attain the highest pass rate ever. At first Tryber thought that his teacher was heartless and aggressive. He hated her so much until one day when their final grade seven ZIMSEC results were out. He achieved six units, with distinctions in mathematics, Shona and English Language, which were his teacher's main areas of specialization. He was the second highest student at R.J Davies Primary and was very happy for he had made his parents proud of him. Mrs. Phiri had set an unbeatable standard for the rest of the teachers. She had proven to Tryberforce and his class mates that *“The harder the battle, the sweeter the victory.”* From that year until recent she still holds the honor of being one of the best grade seven teachers ever at R.J Davies Primary. Truly she is.

Chapter 7

In the year 2008 Tryberforce was enrolled as a form one student at Batanai High School. He belonged to the best class for his results were of high quality. He made new friends who had bigger bodies than him. He was just a little, small but handsome and intelligent guy who was light in complexion. Making friends who had bigger bodies than him was his way of finding protection against bullies. He felt secure whenever Jay Bee and Thunder his friends were around. The trio even went an extra mile by challenging the form two class students as a way of intimidating those who had the audacity to dare them. They never fought anyone but all they did was to utter humiliating and challenging speeches. Usually the poor little Tryberforce had his voice on top as though he were able to put his words into action. Many students believed that he was able to play karate yet he wasn't, so this gave them dominancy over other gangs. The three did not only focus on challenging other groups. Instead they were also a study group, the most successful ever. It was a balanced study group and was characterized by the interdependence principle. Thunder was the best mathematician of all the form one students. He had very strong mathematical muscles that teachers never dare to lecture before his class without proper research. He was that type of a student capable of correcting the teacher if he \ she introduces a wrong concept, thus humiliating the teacher before the class. Jay Bee was the best in mastering the Principles of Accounts while the poor little Tryberforce was just lagging behind the paragons in the rest of the subjects. He was the best in History and Shona.

One day Sav was reciting the reminiscences of his childhood to his family after having their supper. He said a lot that his family enjoyed for they had found a better source of entertainment since they did not have a television. Tryber, who had paid maximum attention to his father's hyperbolic stories, was much more concerned by the tactics used by Sav for study.

"You know what, I was a clever and hardworking student during my hey days. I used to wake up before half past two in the morning. Even in winter times I had made it customary to immerse my feet in cold water so as to study without dozing and with maximum attention. I had discovered that during that period my mindset is always peaceful and stress free. This enabled me to master each and every concept I studied" he explained to his family.

Tryberforce remained silent, pondering over what his father had just said about studying. He thought of the ways he used to study before and finally made up his mind to copy his father's tactics and combine them with his usual tactics so as to have the best study ever.

During that year, economic hardships were at their peak of operation in Zimbabwe. The government faced challenges in paying civil servants, including teachers, to their satisfaction. This led the teachers to embark on a strike. The situation in schools was so pathetic. Students were perambulating around schools and moving up and down the streets during school time. Some other stupid minded students found pleasure in that situation for they had leisure all day. They were no longer under the teacher's control so schools became places of no order and the abode of pandemonium. On the contrary, Tryberforce and some other objective minded students took the situation to their advantage. They had found study time to its fullest without being interrupted by school

programs. Tryberforce practiced his father's study tactics so he managed to cover the Zimbabwe Junior Certificate (Z.J.C) syllabus within a short period of time. This put him to a great advantage that beyond any reasonable doubt he became the paragon in all the subjects. He even went an extra mile by studying the O level syllabus during that period. Truly the situation was a blessing in disguise to him. He had developed a sense of maturity since he made new friends, who were older than him, friends who benefited him in one way or the other. He coalesced with Shew who lived opposite to their house and was seven years older than him. Their friendship seemed abnormal to everyone but was of a great benefit Tryber. Shew was a very prayerful guy who in turn taught Tryber how to pray. The two shared the word of God and testified the goodness of the Lord to each other always. Shew provided Tryber with *'The Rhapsody of Realities'*, a book containing daily devotions written by Pastor Chris Oyakilome, a Nigerian Pastor. This helped him change his behavior totally that he no longer joined Jay Bee and Thunder in their usual boastfulness. He only joined them during their study. Shew taught Tryber to be humble in life, of which one of the best characteristics that makes up a great person.

Sox was also one of Tryber's friends who was a bit older than him. He was naturally humble and also prayerful. Tryber liked him because they had so many things in common. They both enjoyed *Public Speaking* and *Debating*, as well as *jaw breaking*. They shared so many ideas about the three activities so often since Sox was by then an old horse in that faculty. Tryber was only good in mastering *jawbreakers* but did not know how best to use them so Sox taught him how best to do it. He even encouraged him to have a notebook for jotting down new words when watching television or when reading a newspaper.

"I don't just watch television for the sake of entertainment, No, instead I make sure that I benefit something great from every film. This is what I would like you to do in life. Jot down every new *jawbreaker* and some phrases of interest from every film you watch. Always look up for their meanings during your spare time" Sox once explained to Tryber.

Tryber in turn applied what Sox had advised him that by the time he was in form two he was one of the most competent and eloquent public speakers, inducing fear even to the teachers because of the nature of his English language. Mrs. Mush their English teacher liked him very much. She often chose him to be amongst the few that would represent the School in every debate and public speaking competitions. In return, they usually managed to take the school flag higher and higher always. His class mates liked and respected him so much that they elected him as their class monitor. So many girls made the decision because they loved him, they all had their hearts pouncing for him and wanted to take pride in having him as their boyfriend. Naughty boys liked him because he was very merciful and was that kind of a class-monitor full of warnings not punishments. They therefor felt secure having him as their class monitor always. Though form 2 A class was full of naughty boys, the disciplinary committee never had an opportunity to set their hands on them because Tryberforce shielded them and did not disclose their naughty behavior. All he did was to give them warnings in a friendly manner and by so doing; he managed to convert so many naughty boys into good boys- that was a great achievement.

Even though many girls liked him he did not pay attention to them. He was that kind of a guy who had a motto of not applying mysticism to palpable nonsense. He regarded relationships at tender age as nonsense for he took them as obstacles to his progress. He continued with his notion until one day in form three when he realized the beauty in Phillis, one of his class mates. He had never felt such kind of an attraction ever since he had parted ways with Mun. At first he thought of ignoring his feelings but as time went on, he revised his

thoughts. Whenever he looked at her, he felt a rapid rise in his blood pressure so he knew that his heart truly had an affinity to coalesce with her. He did not know what to do then for he had never proposed a girl for a relationship in his life. He knew that Phillis once had a crush on him together with the rest of his female classmates but he did not know how to let their hearts *oscillate with the same amplitudes of love*. He thought of writing a letter to her.

“But what if he exposes my barbaric act to the rest of her friends? I will have lost my dignity and have distorted my reputation.” he once thought to himself.

He hesitated to tell her what he felt from deep inside his heart for one week further. All he could do was to look at her with a talking eye until she began wondering what he was up to. At least she had an idea that they were heading towards a relationship but she did not want to show Tryber that his actions had said a lot to her. She vowed to wait until Tryber had fully mobilized to attack her heart with the gospel of love. One day Tryberforce was assigned by Mrs. Mush to take their class exercise books to her office which was about one hundred meters away from their class room. He carried the books to the front desk where Phillis was sitting and politely asked her to help him carry the books to the office. Fortunately she did not refuse or deny the task. She took almost halve the pile and made her way out while he followed. They made their way to the office while Tryber was sweating and shivering due to fear. He wanted to get the cat out of the sack before her but he hesitated until they eventually reached Mrs. Mush’s office. He eventually made up his mind on their way back.

“Phillis. Do you have a driver’s license?” he asked in a low voice, with his fingers scratching his head.

“No, how come you have asked me such a question?” she replied in astonishment.

“Yah! I can tell because you drive me crazy that I run short of superlatives to further express my feelings towards you.” He said while looking back, checking weather there was anyone listening to their conversation.

Phillish was thunderstruck to hear such kind of a jargon from Tryber. She had nothing to say further so she remained silent until they finally got back into their classroom. Tryber felt a bit relieved but was still wondering what Phillis’ silence implied. That day Phillis spent so long pondering over the proposal from Tryberforce. She had feelings towards him too but she could not just chip into the relationship without consulting Rah her elder sister about it. As soon as the bell rang marking their dismissal, she packed up her books and made her way home alone. She found Rah seating under a tree by their fire place. She did not wait to take off her uniform so she went straight to her and told her about what had been bothering her.

“Ha ha ha ha! Phillis my sister, you must give yourself value” she said while she was laughing.

“Of cause he is handsome and intelligent but that doesn’t mean anything if he belongs to that poor family. Just look at what his elder brother is doing. He went to Beight Bridge some time ago and is making a lot of money. What, up to now has he managed to send to his family? Instead he is now a drunker who doesn’t even care about his family and it’s not even surprising to hear that he will soon be dead. Do you think anything good can come out of your so called Tryberforce or he will soon take after his brother? My sister, *wake up and smell the coffee!*, I won’t let you be fooled by that poor little wretched, masqueraded in the name Tryberforce, Never !!!” she continued.

Phillis had never expected such from her sister for she trusted her advises always. Though she had feelings towards the handsome little Tryber, her sister's advice forced her to damp them. Truly Rah was uttering facts about Tom, of which are stubborn. He had gone to Beight Bridge in search of greener pastures but he had lost his focus due to the unlimited pleasures of the town. Beight Bridge was just a filthy rich town bordering between Zimbabwe and the Republic of South Africa. It was not just rich in terms of finance but also rich in shenaniganism, of which was then Tom's daily bread. Prostitution, thuggery and all sorts of evil were practiced in that small town.

During that time, RISCUM was running towards bankruptcy. Workers were no longer receiving their salaries regularly and in time. Instead they were given quarter their salaries after about two and a half months. There was no other source of income in Torwood. All they had been accustomed to was enjoying the little they earned from RISCUM. Though the situation was so pathetic for the whole of Torwood, it was indescribable for Sav and his family. Glad and Tryber had to cultivate other people's fields and earn a little for survival. At one time they worked in someone's field but they were not paid up to their agreement. They had agreed to get twelve and a half kilograms of mealie meal but they were given seven and a half instead. They were cheated but they had no objection. All they did was to accept the little they were given, out of their desperacy. Tryberforce was so much heartbroken that he wished he could have power over their cheat.

"One day I will be a great man of no little accomplishment. All these people who are taking my family and I for granted will be ashamed but I won't revenge them. Instead I will help them whenever they are in trouble. Aaaaaah! But life is not fair at all. Now I cannot enjoy the pleasures of it like others of my age; I have lost Phillis due to my background." He said to himself, the night after being cheated while tears were cascading down his cheeks.

"One day I will compensate my family, their suffering will soon be over" he finally said while wiping off his tears and then eventually fell asleep.

Chapter 8

Time went on and days passed by until one such a day when Tryberforce saw a delivery van parking by their door step. It was a Mercedes type of a van, white in color and with tinted windows. It seemed to have been assembled just a few days back. Tryberforce looked at its silvery glittering reams and saw a mystery, the first of its kind in his life. They were rolling backwards as the vehicle decelerated. All its tinted windows were closed that one could not clearly view the inside. He wondered who the driver of the van could be. He peeped through the driver's window but could not recognize who it was. All he could see was just a shadow of a man, holding the stirring wheel and directly facing him. As he turned around he saw children gathering around the van. They all looked surprised for they had never seen such kind of a fancy van in Torwood. After a moment he heard the sound of a hooter. He began to wonder what the van was up to. With the curiosity of a child Phillis and her sister, Rah, came running towards the van. They also stood with blank stares, wondering who the driver was.

"I wish to get married to that driver himself or anyone from his family" said Rah vividly to Phillis.

There was a moment of silence on the scene. Tryberforce did not know what to do then for it was palpable that the driver of the van was demanding his attention. He began to ponder over why he was still hiding his identity for such long. His heart began to beat uncontrollably due to fear and enthusiasm at the same time. After a while the driver eventually got off the van. He was a tall and handsome boy bespectacled in dark sun glasses. He was wearing dark fancy clothes throughout and was holding a two litre bottle of *Supper Chibuku beer* in his right hand and a bottle of Champaign in his left. He only made two steps towards Tryber, dropped his bottles and took off his sun glasses.

"Tom!!!" Tryberforce screamed crazily while running towards him. He jumped up and down before him and finally grabbed him. He clinged on to him so tightly while closing his eyes. As he opened his eyes he saw Phillis running towards him. She jumped on to Tom's back, gave Tryber a deep kiss then vanished into the crowd which had gathered to see the surprising scene. Sav, Glad and Org just appeared from nowhere and joined the two in sharing their happiness. Tom had made such a great day in the history of their lives. He handed over the car keys to Tryber and instructed him to reverse the van so that they could off load it easily. Though Tryberforce had neither set his hands on the stirring wheel, nor his feet on the accelerator, he did as Tom had told him with great precision and accuracy. He shed tears of joy for he had never had such kind of an imaginary and blissful life before. All he found joy in was playing around with his toy aeroplanes even at his present age. Tom told the rest of the family that he had just bought that van from one of the national car assemblies in South Africa a few days back. They then offloaded hundreds of kilograms of groceries from the van. Glad prepared the best and special meal ever for her family as well as Mrs. Bere's family whom they had invited for diner. Tryberforce was then a happy man ever on this planet. He remembered the deep kiss he had received from Phillis for the first time in his life and jumped crazily again and again until Tom took hold of him. As the meal was saved Mrs. Bere blessed it through prayer and they enjoyed themselves then after. Tryberforce took with him a bowl of ice cream which was meant for desert and a dish of roasted chicken. He picked the biggest, scrumptious, mouthwatering and nutritious chunk of chicken, with a tantalizing spicy flavor and dipped it into the bowl of ice cream. He paused and closed his eyes for a moment, ready to attack the chunk.

Suddenly he heard the cock crowing together with his intestines cranking, producing that sound which result from a massive food shortage in the digestive system. He began to feel a bit of moisture and dampness around him. He heard a hissing sound from outside so he could no longer understand what really was going on. He began to feel an increase in dampness especially around his feet. He opened his eyes with a broad smile on his face, only to discover that he was biting his blanket. His pillow was then damp because of saliva. The hissing sound he had heard was the rain falling and penetrating through the cardboard box walls of their house that is why his feet were damp. On a sad note, Tryber discovered that he was dreaming.

He remained in the blanket for a moment trying to have a recap of what he had dreamt about, thinking that it would turn into reality. He eventually began to cry. He quickly jumped out of his blankets and pulled them to the far end corner where rain had not yet penetrated. He knew that it was impossible for him to go to school for his personal studies as usual for he didn't have an umbrella, neither did he have a rain coat. His intestines were then digesting a void. He didn't have any means of getting food for their firewood, as well as their fire place was damp and moist. He wished he had never lived on earth. He took his note book and began mastering his jaw breakers until half past ten when it eventually stopped raining.

Christmas had drawn nearer yet the Mus family had not yet prepared anything for the feast. They had no idea where to get the money for buying the groceries. All they had was just a twenty kilogram bucket of maize meal, no sugar and no cooking oil. All the basic commodities were nowhere to be found in their kitchen. In contrast other privileged families had made preparations for the feast. Their pantries were indescribably full of various kinds of foods. Fowl runs were full of broiler chicken ready for sale at the market, a day before the Christmas feast. Parties were planned and celebrations were pending. In deed life is not the same for all and this is an undeniable fact.

On the 24th day of December in the year 2010, just a day before Christmas, Glad received a phone call from one of her relatives who was in Beight Bridge. She was heartbroken to hear that Tom was under an intensive care in the hospital due to intestinal obstruction. She did not know what to do then for the rest of her family, in particular Org and Tryber, were all in tears. They all thought of how to get the bus fare, not to talk of the hospital bills. The situation truly satisfied their Shona taboo which says: "*Nhamo nemunhu mutema hazvisiyani*", which implies that "*a black man shall always suffer*". The Mus family spent that Christmas in tears while their eyes were wide open in search of money so that at least either Sav or Glad could pay a visit to Tom. Intestinal obstruction is a serious infection which requires immediate emergency surgical response. Developed hospitals do have helicopter form of rescue ambulances so as to offer immediate attention effectively to patients succumbing to its ravages. Early treatment increases the chances of survival while surgical operations at a later date will cause the patient to live for not longer than two weeks.

Tom was unfortunate that the doctors had embarked on a Christmas holiday. Also because of the financial crisis in Zimbabwe which had not been resolved yet, the nurses were on a strike. They did not grant him enough attention until the 26th day of December when Glad finally made her way to that hospital. He was the first person to be attended by the doctor that morning and was transferred to United Bulawayo Hospital (U.B.H) for a major surgical operation. Just like Holy Mary mother of Jesus Christ during the suffering of Jesus on the

Cross, Glad also witnessed the pains endured by Tom until the 4th day of January the following year, 2011, when he finally gave up the ghost.

She made a phone call to one of her friends back in Torwood and told her about the plague. She told her not to disclose the situation to her family for she feared that Sav, who had a high blood pressure, could also die of a heart attack. She thought of Org who was closely bonded to Tom, she imagined how she would cope. Truly chaos would dominate if the situation was disclosed to her family in a barbaric manner. She phoned Sav's young brother and told him to go to her house with immediate effect to inform the family about Tom's death in a more appropriate manner. Trouble, in fact the best of its kind, had begun in the Mus family. Glad thought of how they were going to cater for the funeral ceremony since they had no money. The only bucket of maize meal which was available could not feed the people even for a single day during the ceremony. The same was also bothering Sav and Tryberforce who were then old enough to face life and its ruthless realities. Frankly speaking, trouble is a ruthless and nonselective monster gormandizing upon families despite of its over crowdedness on the same family. Glad felt a bit relieved when she had a conversation with another man who was stout and dark in complexion.

"My name is Lov and I am Sav's cousin brother. I was assigned by the eldest brother in our family to take responsibility of all the costs incurred during the running our traditional cultural funeral ceremony. I have just arrived from the United States of America so I don't want just an ordinary ceremony. Instead I would like it to be one of the best in the history of our family. Sit back and relax for everything is now in order. For now let me take you and some of our family members to buy one of the most expensive coffins of your choice" he said after their customary way of expressing condolences.

Glad remained perplexed and puzzled by such a miracle being performed by such a knight in a shining amour. She then made a call to Sav updating him about what Lov had just said. Procedures began to flow in a more defined way. Food stuffs were continuously supplied by the family members collectively. After they had attained a burial order, Tom's body was taken back to Torwood for burial and that was on the 7th of January. People sang and danced the whole night in accordance to their culture. The following morning they went to St Charles Roman Catholic Church for a burial mass. Tryberforce had organized a photographer to take photographs of every stage of the event for remembrance sack. Around 1230hrs, people had already gathered at the grave yard. Burial speeches were made by the responsible personnel under the directions of Mugwagwa, Sav's nephew, who was the master of ceremonies.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" said Reverend Father F. Tagwirei as he marked the beginning of the actual burial process. Tryberforce, Sav and Org were standing beside the six feet deep grave, watching it being filled with soil while tears were running down their cheeks pitifully. Glad was also crying but at home as was their tradition that no woman is supposed to watch the burial of her first born child or her husband. This marked the end of Tom. Moments from that, he was already history. He was indeed napoo because of the so called intestinal obstruction, before he could fish his family out of poverty. Oh! What a pity.

Chapter 9

One day Tryberforce woke up early in the morning, a day before the end of their school holiday. He made his way to the cemetery where Tom was buried. He stood by the cross erected directly above Tom's head. He looked at the heap of soil on the grave and eventually began to meditate over the nice times they shared together with Tom. He remembered the last respect he had paid to him during the body viewing process on the last day of the funeral ceremony. His eyes began oozing with tears while he made no crying sound. Truly the death of Tom had given heartbreak to Tryberforce. He missed him so much that he could not even imagine what life could be without Tom.

"Whats gonna be tomorrow like eheeeeeee!"

Whats gonna be tomorrow like eheeeeeee!

Whats gonna be tomorrow like eheee eeeeh" he sang the lyrics of the first song they had written as 'The Party Splash Gang', while he knelt down and laid his head supported by that cross. He spent about five minutes on the same posture, making no breathing sound. He was worried by the fact that automatically Tom had left him responsibility over the poverty dwelling in the Mus family.

"What's gonna be tomorrow like is not of my concern

In the name of Jesus Christ a brighter future I proclaim" he continued with the lyrics as he made his way up.

"Tom! I do hereby promise to take responsibility over the responsibility you have committed into my hands. I will definitely take our family to the greatest possible heights. May your soul rest in peace" finally he said and made his way back home. Just as he left the grave yard he met his little sister Org who was moving around in search of him. She asked him where he was from but he dared not to answer to her question. He silently grabbed her and made their way back home. They shared his breakfast and begun making preparations for the following day, the school opening day.

Tryberforce begun the new term fit for his duty and geared for study. He had all his books well and neatly covered and written two inspiring statements on their back covers:

- 1.) *You don't need to be great in order to get started, but you need to get started in order to be great.*
- 2.) *Don't tell me that the sky is the limit if someone managed to drag his feet on the moon.*

Frankly speaking, Tryberforce was a man of his words who abided by his statements always. He made himself a personal study time table which he followed every time. He ever felt guilty whenever he missed it even by a single minute. He always wanted to achieve the best since that was his final year as an Ordinary level student. He had a notion that he has to leave a positive mark wherever he goes. Although he had scooped prizes of being the paragon so often, that wasn't up to his satisfaction so he ever wanted to have some more and more prizes. On the contrary things did not go well for him as he always expected. He was extremely disappointed by scooping the 23rd position for the first time ever in his stream. The scenario was just like getting a zero after adding; 1+1. The efforts he had applied were worth being rewarded at a greater scale. Sav and Glad were also

disappointed but made no effort in mocking and discouraging him. All they told him was to keep on working while struggling with his school work so that one day he rejoices with others as their academic giant.

He also embarked on some extra lessons with Br. Dumy, the founder of Proton College which is one of the most successful private colleges in their Midlands Province. Br. Dumy was so generous in distributing mathematical concepts up to their satisfaction that many students in Torwood had put all their trust in him. Every student of his was easily depicted by his/ or her mathematical excellence. Tryber then had an opportunity to interact for long with Roy Shecks who was a good friend of his whom he had met just a few months before. They all had aspiring inspirations in music so they had coalesced and formed a duet called '*The Party Splash Gang*'. They had recorded just a few songs before but could not publish them due to their insufficient funds. Only a few who had listened to them commented positively about their music tracks. They were not yet popular but held the potential to excel in the music industry due to their melodious voices and the coherence of their lyrical context. Instead of focusing on music only, Tryber and Roy Shecks together with General Dorah his best friend, formed another study group which was also balanced, just as the one Tryber had before with Jay Bee and Thunder. The trio mainly focused on study at night where there is an extensive prevalence of silence. This time around, the study group constituted of humble and peaceful people, unlike the one before which constituted pompous vagabonds also. The formation of a new study group was a threat to Jay Bee and Thunder who had developed a dependency syndrome on Tryber. Since Tryber was then lagging behind the paragons in most of the subjects, he was pivotal to the group. He helped the group with so many ideas that the success of the group was based upon his presence. In actual facts Tryber had nothing against Jay Bee and Thunder. All he did not like was the act of deforming his true image through boastfulness, which was Jay Bee and Thunder's common character. He knew that the death of Tom implied a lot of responsibility to him. He knew he had to wipe off tears from his parents' cheeks through his achievements. The only way he could do that was through toil, toil and toil. General Dorah and Roy Shecks seemed to be geared for the toil for they were more focused than Jay Bee and Thunder.

The two study groups continued restlessly for the rest of the second term. There was a stiff competition between the two groups as each group as a whole had a notion of proving their greatness. Mr. Mado their new deputy headmaster had introduced a new tactic, the act of writing end of month tests. He took them so seriously that the best top ten students per every stream were announced during assembly time every month. This increased competition amongst students of the whole school. Being part of the top ten students in the stream was such a great sign of prestige which everyone worked towards. Unfortunately, neither General Dorah nor Roy Shecks and Tryber appeared in the top ten of achievers ever since. This gave Jay Bee and Thunder prestige for they thought that the trio was up to no good as they themselves were usually amongst the best five students of the stream. Tryber never, even on a single day, felt jealous about them. He always wanted to cover up for their splitting which was then made the caption of every gossip at their school. He at times joined the two in perambulating around the school but at his own spare time, though they had developed a spirit of disdaining him always.

As the second term had come to an end, as usual, Jay Bee and Thunder were amongst the best students while Tryber and his study mates did not have that privilege to shine like others. Though he had scooped, for the second time, the 23rd position in his stream he was supposed to get three prizes on the Annual Speech and Prize Giving day the following term. He was the 3rd highest student, together with Thunder, in Geography. He was also the second highest student in Shona as well as in Computer Operations and Packages (C.O.Ps). During the second term, Jay Bee and Thunder's study group had proven to be the best. This did not demoralize Tryber's

group, instead it showed them how much effort they needed to exert towards being the best. 1800hrs was then their sleeping time while at 2200hrs they woke up and had their supper. 2300hrs to 0500hrs the following day was their study period. They usually had a short break after every hour and had allotted an hour towards the study of every subject. This time around, not only did they study at night, instead they also utilized the day as well. Unfortunately, Tryberforce could not afford to attend their final holiday lessons so he had to utilize that time for a massive study alone. His mindset was ever busy and operating under *toil, toil and toil* which had become his motto.

When the third term had approached, which was their final term as O level students; preparations for the Annual Speech and Prize Giving Day were made. There came a time when the names of those who were receiving prizes were announced. At first Tryber was also included while General Dorah did not appear due to a mistake made. He was the best in Agriculture but instead his prize was ceded to Terrashto who wasn't even an Agriculture student. Dorah, due to his humility did not mind very much so he never made an effort to correct the mistake. That year the school did not have enough money to cater for those who had prizes in C.O.Ps. This meant that Tryber was entitled to two prizes instead. On a disappointing note, Tryberforce ended up having no prize due to a massive corruptive wave which had haunted the Geography and Shona teachers. They ceded the prizes to other students instead, using unrecognized criteria. This actually humiliated the two to such an extent that Tryberforce almost cried. Jay Bee and Thunder, on the contrary, shined and shined with their parents as the rest of the school cheered them up. It's something heartbreaking and head cracking to miss something you deserve, due to corruption. This stirred up grief and anger in Tryber and Dorah that they continued in the mood of study, with a common goal of disapproving the ruthless and corrupt teachers who had discredited their excellence. In no time their final exams approached and to his surprise, Tryber had all exams fair to him. He had never expected such ease so he ended up confused for he thought that he had developed a spirit of *confidence in confusion*, which might lead those corrupt teachers to tread over him in mockery.

One day, three months after their examinations, Tryber heard that O level results were ready for collection. He was filled with curiosity and enthusiasm that he made his way to Batanai High School for collection. He was disappointed to hear that they had not yet at the school premises. He was told to check the following day. The next day he made his way to the school again just before ten o'clock, and was told to wait until 1200hrs. . Though he lived just a few meters from the school yard, he did not go back home. He waited at the school tuck shop instead. He asked the shop keeper weather she had heard any rumor about the results but she told him that she had only heard that the paragon had *6A's*.

"So how many subjects are you expecting to have passed?" she asked.

"Obviously, he is the paragon" interjected Prosper, his friend who had been learning at Victoria High School in Masvingo.

Mrs. Mawere the shopkeeper made a very loud laughter, disdaining him for she had never expected anything good from him. They waited for a few minutes further until eventually someone shouted that *O level* results were ready for collection. He hurried to the busser's office and queued together with others in silence while his heart was vibrating rapidly.

“Wow! Mr. Mus, congratulations for you have surprised the whole school. You are the unexpected paragon of the year” said the busser with a broad smile on her face.

Tryberforce was irritated by the busser for he thought that she was mocking him. He frowned his face as he grabbed the result slip and made his way out of the office to set his eyes on it for the first time. He was surprised to discover that he was truly the paragon of the year, with *6A's* and *4B's* as well as a credit, a symbol just next to a distinction, in C.O.Ps. He made a smile for about a second and then continued with a disguising frown on his face. He made his way to the deputy headmaster's office as customary to show him results. He discovered that Thunder had *5A's*, *4B's* and a *C* while Jay Bee had *2A's* and a chain of *B's* and *C's*. He made his way back home where he found Glad laying down, resting.

“Aaaaaaggggh! Mom. Life is not fair. I have failed Mathematics, Physics and English Aaaaaggggh!” he mumbled whilst moving towards his mom.

“Oh! Shame. Come on my son. There is no problem. You have tried your best.” she replied comforting Tryber while receiving the result slip.

She screamed with happiness as she discovered that he had made her proud. When he told her that he was the paragon, she knelt down and rejoiced the Lord. General Dorah as well had made his parents proud for he had *4A's*, *4B's* and *2C's*. On the contrary, things did not go well for Roy Shecks who had failed Mathematics and some other core subjects. Otherwise their study group, at last, had proven to be the best. Around 1500hrs Sav arrived home from work while Org was from school. Tryber showed them his result slip and they rejoiced especially when they heard that he was the best student of the year. He had left a positive mark at Batanai High School so he was honored by being written on the school honor's board, which was entitled *Batanai High School Annual Achievers' Board*. They rejoiced and celebrated as Glad returned back from the women's fellowship session at their Church. They sat and discussed what to do then in respect of the great honor they had received through Tryber. They were interrupted by Thunder's aunt as she entered boasting that Thunder was the paragon of the year, deceiving herself. Both Sav and Glad made no effort in telling her that Tryber was in actual facts the paragon.

Finally Sav and Glad decided to send Tryber to Dadaya High School, a boarding school, as a sign of appreciating his achievement. They were congratulated day and night, wherever and whenever, by those who had heard about the news. Tryber had made his family recognized prestigiously, through hard work, toil, toil, and toil.

Chapter 10

The gospel that Tryberforce had excelled above all at Batanai High spread all over Torwood. So many people were astonished for they expected nothing good from him for he was just a mere looking poor little boy. Sav and Glad were applauded day and night that they ended up being honored in the community. Tryber's excellence was in deed a great source of virility to them. Truly God had raised a poor little family to a great family if no little accomplishment. Jay Bee and thunder too also felt the tremors of Tryber's excellence of which was by far much beyond their expectations. They had been thinking that either of them was to be entitled to such an honor as was also expected by those teachers who had corruptly dispossessed Tryber of his prizes on the Annual Speech and Prize Giving Day the previous year. Shame and regret was then their daily bread. They wished they could try and reunite with Tryber but he was nowhere to be found.

Tryber enjoyed his first days at Dadaya High School but not to the fullest. He had never spent such time away from home. He missed home so much that he sometimes isolated himself from the rest, thinking of his family, friends and above all his successful study group. He made some new friends, the likes of Njab and Bruce but he spent most of his time with Dzapy, his *Cayban*. *Cayban* was just a Dadayan common name referring to a roommate. He, together with his *Cayban* opted for Physics, Mathematics and Chemistry with a sole purpose of proceeding as Aeronautical Engineers in future. They all had *6A's* at their *O level* and were striving to achieve greater and greater results. They shared their ideas about life frequently and even discussed a lot about dating until Tryber began feeling that he was old enough to date a beautiful and well-mannered young lady. Dadaya High was one of the most spiritually able-bodied schools in Zimbabwe. Students were extremely prayerful and excelled in life through prayer. Even before the beginning of the first lesson every day, every class conducted a morning glory to The Most High God. *A level boys* had propounded a fellowship session right after their night studies each and every day. Since Tryber had once resonated in such a life of prayerfulness four years before, when he was under the mentorship of Shew, it did not take him long to cope with the kind of life style at Dadaya High School. In no time he was participating in the day to day activities of their fellowship session and established a friendship with those who engineered the progress of the session.

In terms of hard work, he kept the fire dazzling with brilliant flames and continued with his *O level* study tactics. He even went an extra mile by spending most of his spare time in the library busy studying. He was in a constant manner to keep his glory forever. He was that kind of a guy who ever wanted to move from one glory to another, doing away with the act of moving from a glory to a sorry.

He had a notion that girls can be an obstacle to the progress of man so he didn't want any girl to tamper around him. To most of his female classmates he was not a smiling type who was always busy and did not apply mysticism such palpable nonsense as cheap *talking*. He only tolerated Brig his girlfriend and Vimbai his *Cayban's* girlfriend. He kept up the mood for the rest of the first term as things went well for him. He only felt lonely for the first few days before he encountered Mel, his true *home girl* who lived just a few houses from their home back in Torwood. She was still in Form One and was also well mannered. The two represented Torwood in such a way that so many students wondered what kind of a fancy town was Torwood, not knowing that it was just a mere Ghetto. Tryber liked Mel a lot but all he did not like about her was that she had a habit of disdaining him. He ever hated being looked down upon by whosoever in his life, which was and is still his nature.

The first term came to an end while Tryber and Brig were still cruising in the same jet of love. They had proven to be the best couple ever that ran its relationship smoothly and purely in all respect for the whole term. Most of the people thought that Tryber and Brig had come a mighty long way in their relationship, leading to its stability. The truth of the matter was that they had just met at Dadaya and chipped into that so called relationship.

When they all had received their academic progress report books, Brig discovered that she had excelled in her studies. On the contrary, Tryberforce had not performed up to his desired standard; he had performed dismally, having only a total of *seven points* of which was so shameful of him. He shed tears in regret while Brig and Dzapy were celebrating their success. He began to realize that he had imitated his Cayban in venturing into love affairs yet he, the pioneer had excelled without being disturbed by the relationship. Finally he opted to log out of that relationship, leaving Brig with heartbreak.

The following day he packed his goods ready for departure back to Torwood. He waited a moment, for Mel who was still finalizing her preparations. In no time they got into the school bus and off they went. So many students had an excitement that finally they were going back to their homes. They were discussing, cracking jokes and laughing all the way. Tryberforce was just quiet and sitting just next to Mel, pondering over how to face Glad and Sav who had honored him by sacrificially sending him to an expensive boarding school, despite of the closure of RISCUM. Truly, things are found in opposites, fortunes and misfortunes do coexist. Just a few months back, Tryber was a grace to Sav and Glad but in no time he had turned to be a disgrace.

That holiday, he spent most of his time studying, hopping to cover up and clean up the mess he had caused himself the previous term. He had embarked on an academic rivalry that his parents ended up filling pity for him. They discovered that he had realized his mistake and was in a constant manner to correct it. He did not only study to show his regret but he also helped his parents in conducting their chores. He helped Sav in the garden and also did the cooking with Glad. He at times paid a visit to Mel due to his agape kind of love towards her. Mel had two sisters who proved to be taking pride in having Tryber as their friend. They frequently invited to their house and often shared nice times together. They rarely paid him a visit of which was not fair. In actual facts the two sisters wanted to maintain their social status through fraternizing with him since he was being regarded as a great man of high caliber. One of them had developed feelings towards him but since he took girls as obstacles to his progress, he made avoiding and resistive actions towards her seduction.

Upon the last days of his holiday he spent most of his time with Sav that they drew closer and closer to each other each and every day, as if he had a premonition of what was going to happen next. One day after having their usual discussions, Sav encouraged Tryber to work harder in his school work, just before they went to sleep.

“You know what my son, we are striving to get your school fees so be a well disciplined and hardworking guy, bearing in mind that you are now alone in the battle of life yet there is still a lot to tackle. Your brother Tom is no more and how many more days do you think I am going to spend on this depleted planet, Earth?” said Sav on a parting note.

Tryber began pondering over what his father’s statement implied.

“Your brother, Tom, is no more and how many more days do you think I am going to spend on this depleted planet, Earth?” the statement continued with an echoing sound in Tryber’s mind until he ended up crying.

He wondered why Sav, in his healthy looking condition, would say such a statement as if he were on his death bed. He did not know what exactly his father was trying to imply so told no body about it. All he did was to extend his holiday with a few days so as to spend some more time with his father. Because of the people in his community who continued asking him about his departure back to school, Glad decided for him to go back to school on Friday, three days after their schools had opened. He began the new term with a high data affinity and a high data assimilation rate, hopping to excel very well in his studies. He also took part in the auditions for a debate competition at their school and proved to be worth representing the school on the day of their District Interschool Competitions. On the 5th of June 2013 Tryber and his fellow team members left for the competitions. Unfortunately they found out that the date of the competitions was postponed upon their arrival so they had an opportunity to roam around the city of Zvishabane. He even had an opportunity to call home but hesitated for he had phoned Glad the previous Saturday. Upon dusk the team together with Mrs. Mulilo, their patron, took their ride back to school and resumed their normal business.

On Saturday that very week, Tryber went to an upland where the signal strength of his mobile phone’s network reception was very high. He had an intention of calling Glad as was customary. He was astonished to hear that Sav was under an intensive care in the Hospital and was requesting to see him immediately. She also told him that his aunt was already on her way to collect him from school since she also wanted to visit Sav. He returned back to his room and began making preparations for the journey. In no time Mr. Munyati the school accountant made his way into his room and told him that the headmaster wanted to have a chat with him immediately in the Todd Building, where his office was located in the upstairs. The headmaster gave him a pass and a USD \$20 note he told him not to return.

He finally made his way to Zvishabane, which was their closest town, where he met his aunt and took their ride to Kwekwe. When they arrived the city center of Kwekwe, Tryber made a phone call to Glad asking her where exactly Sav was being given medication so that they could pay him a visit before getting home. Glad instructed him to come home first so that they could visit as a family. Upon their arrival home, Tryber found out that Sav wasn’t in the hospital as such. Instead he was in a hospital mortuary resulting from a mysterious death around 1900hrs the previous day.

“Your brother, Tom, is no more and how many more days do you think I am going to live on this depleted planet, Earth?” Sav’s words continued echoing in his mind again and again while his eyes were oozing with tears. Truly, finally Tryberforce was left alone in a battle yet there was still a lot to tackle.

Chapter 11

After Sav's burial, his brothers and the rest of the family members sat as a council to discuss about how they were going to give a helping hand to his family, especially pertaining to the issue of Org and Tryber's school fees. They discussed and discussed until Saz, Sav's young brother arrived from the nearby beer hall. He dismissed the issue when he promised to attach the two kids on his company benefits. He told the council that he was going to give feedback on the memorial service day. Finally they set a date for the memorial service in accordance to their culture.

Six days later, Tryber made his way back to Dadaya. He was all tears especially when his fellow stream mates gathered in his room to show their condolences. He therefor realized that trouble had begun in his life for he felt the bitterness of loneliness. Bruce, Njab and Dzapy continued comforting him for the rest of the days until he managed to cope. Dzapy often read him biblical scriptures assuring him a brighter future. Mufudzi, Njab's *Cayban*, who often called himself '*Miracle Love*', was an uprising gospel hip hop artist. He wrote an inspiring and motivating song for Tryber and even presented it during the church service. The chorus was:

Because you are the father, of the fatherless,

You are the brother, of the brother less,

You are the father, of the fatherless,

So take your place in my heaaaaart.

So many people were edified by the lyrical context of the song. Percy the scripture union chairperson gave some money to Tryber on behalf of the club as a way of expressing their condolences. Truly the students at Dadaya were extremely well mannered with an amicably and desirable collective character than any other schools, except a few in Zimbabwe. Time and days progressed as Tryberforce was trying by all means to exert maximum effort towards his school work. He did not want the situation he had been through to affect his school work. He ever wanted to be of highest excellence even in hard times.

One day he took his friend Nellah to the computer lab to have some online studies. This was just after their end of term exams and towards his father's memorial service. Unfortunately the signal strength of the network was so erratic that he changed desktops from time to time. Just as he set before another desk top near the far end corner, the teacher in charge of the lab dismissed them, claiming to be dismissing for lunch. The two left the lab and herded up the Todd Building where he wanted to collect a gate pas from the headmaster for he wanted to depart for his father's memorial service. As he looked back, he saw Tatenda, one of the *Upper six* day scholars, running towards them. They paid attention to him as he told them that the teacher in charge of the computer lab wanted to have a word with them. Tryberforce thought that she wanted help somewhere somehow so he went there with a happily relaxed mind. He was thunderstruck to hear her claiming that he had hacked the school accountant's computer account, using the desk top near the far end corner. She insisted that he admits the offense in order for her to forgive him. Since he was still wrapped in shock, fear and confusion at the same time, he just admitted the offense and went out. He stood by their classroom corridor pondering over what really had happened. He began gathering facts proving his innocence. Nellah also was still astonished over how it had

happened for Tryber had only a few minutes on that desk top before they were dismissed. The two began to realize that the teacher might have been committing fraud for long, through hacking the accountant's account so she wanted to put all the blame on Tryber before her fraud was detected.

As the bell rang marking the beginning of their lunch hour, Tryber joined others to the dining hall. On their way they met Mr. Munyati, the school accountant looking for Tryber. This drew almost everyone's attention as he was taken high up the Todd Building where the disciplinary committee and the headmaster, as well as the teacher in charge of the computer lab, had set, ready to expel the criminal- Tryber. Upon arrival, the headmaster began to utter humiliating and heartbreaking statements towards him, with a notion that he was a criminal. When he was given an opportunity to say a word he spoke laconically, firing facts after facts in full defense of himself and proving his innocence. He asked so many technical questions that the teacher in charge of the computer lab found no answers to them. Within a few minutes everyone who was in the council was convinced that Tryberforce was innocent, while she who had prosecuted him was left with nothing more to say, except for fear and shame. Finally the headmaster dismissed the case after Mr. D. S, who was Tryber's mathematics teacher had said the good about Tryber, showing his total belief in his innocence. Tryber was almost expelled from school for an offense he had not committed. Though his image was totally tarnished, he was glad that at least he managed to prove his innocence up to the fullest.

The following day he went to the headmaster's office to ask for his approval to attend his father's memorial service. Just like the previous day, he was mocked while humiliating and heartbreaking statements were being sprinkled from the headmaster's mouth. Finally he was given the gate pas but his heart was torn apart with pain. He went back to his room and cried a lot. He was wrapped with the thought that, that was the way all orphans were meant to live. He began to wonder how he was going to cope since that kind of ill-treatment began at an earlier stage of his orphanage. He finally packed up his goods and departed sorrowfully. By the time he arrived home it was already dark so they spent a few minutes after supper and they went off to sleep. The next day the mains electricity supply was cut early in the morning. Tryber spent the whole day with T.K his cousin brother who, together with her mom, had come to prepare for the memorial service. As dusk approached the electricity supply was switched on. Tryber spent some few minutes sitting outside. After a couple of minutes, he decided to get inside and recharge his mobile phone's battery. As he entered their so called dining room he saw dazzling flames of fire emanating from the main electrical socket. He did not wait to see what the cause of the fire was so he rushed to the main supply switch and cut off the circuit. He quickly took a cloth, dipped it in water and poured out the fire. He then took away the burning little fan, which his father had bought a long time ago when RISCUM was still operating to its fullest. He then discovered that someone had connected their water heating element and put it on the little coffee table without immersing it in water. That was the actual cause of the fire. Truly danger was almost dominating. If Tryber had continued procrastinating outside, their house could have been burnt to ashes.

Upon the actual day of Sav's memorial service, none of his brothers, except the eldest, turned up as customary. He made phone calls to them around twelve o'clock midnight and they all had silly excuses. The truth of the matter was that all feared being given responsibility over the family as they had agreed to finalize the issue on the memorial service day. Truly life was not good for Tryberforce those days. He thought that leaving Dadaya

was a relief yet he also encountered a series of heart breaks home once again. His life was so full of misery that at one moment he thought of committing suicide. He was stopped by the fact that he still wanted to fulfill his mission against poverty before he dies. Just a day after the memorial service, Kd Sibz, his cousin arrived from Masvingo and apologized for not making it to the service on time. Upon his return he took Tryberforce with him for a holiday, after Glad's approval.

All the days he spent in Masvingo, though lonely most of the times, were a total relief to him. He began to feel the normalness of life, doing away with those series of heart breaks which almost led him to commit suicide. He resumed his studies since he had full time to study during the day. Kd Sibz stayed with his wife and friend Rob. His wife worked in the city center while he and Rob worked in Mashava. Upon the last days of his holiday, Tryber went back to Kwekwe where he made his final preparations for school. This time around he managed to depart exactly on the school opening day.

As he arrived in Zvishabane, he bought himself just a few perishable foods for eating within the first few days before opening packs of his usual food stuffs at the hostels. Then after he found himself a taxi to Dadaya, in which he sat between the driver and a beautiful young girl who seemed to be too cool in nature. He discussed a lot with the driver while the girl was just quite. Tryber proved to be so experienced in driving, through his speeches, that the driver ended up believing in him. On their halfway to Dadaya, Tryber admired the silence of the girl that he eventually asked her name.

"My name is Shelly" she replied in a sweet, juicy, succulent, melodious and soft voice that his heart began to pounce.

Inwardly he knew that he loved her but because of the principles he had set himself aside, he could not proceed with his ambition. He had vowed to himself not to fall in love again until he had accomplished his *A level* exams. He even went an extra mile by including that in his prayer, thus he had vowed to God also. He looked at Shelly again and felt that she was the right kind of a girl for him. Finally he made up his mind and decided to keep her as a close friend so he chatted with her until they eventually arrived at Dadaya. He enjoyed the journey like never before and wished all his journeys were spiced up like that. He got off the taxi and forked out a few notes from his wallet. He shuffled them but could not get even a single US\$1 note to pay for the US\$3 taxi fare. He then handed over a US\$20 note to the driver as Shelly did the same. The driver could only pay Tryber's change to the fullest but could not do the same to Shelly for he did not have any more separate notes. Shelly looked at Tryber with a kind smile on her face and asked him to pay for her on condition that she would pay him back as soon as she finds separate notes. He did not hesitate for he had found a way to keep in touch with her. Afterwards the two carried their respective to their respective hostels as they parted their ways.

Their first week at school was so busy that they could not get in touch with each other. One day just after a *thanks giving prayer* marking the end of their supper, Tryber was very happy to see Shelly coming towards him. She handed the US\$3 to him after a deep expression of an apology. That night they did not say much for it was already time for study. Shelly continued paying visits to him as a routine that so many people ended up thinking that the two were biologically closely related. He told nobody about his future feelings towards Shelly; he only kept it a secret to himself, wondering what her feelings were also towards him. Ever since he met her his mindset was nothing else but an abode of peace. Though he had not yet proposed an affair with her, he ever felt in love. His mindset was stable enough to support his studies that he managed to achieve satisfactory results.

He did not forget about Mel. His love towards her increased day by day as he often paid visits to her. Truly Tryber was a loving character but Mel could not appreciate it, she always thought that he had other strings attached so she discredited all his efforts.

“You know what Mel; you are the only one that much close to me here at Dadaya. I love you equally as Org but it’s just that I have more time with you, that is why I seem to express my love to you more” he once lectured to her after observing the way she reacted towards his efforts.

This was just a few days before the end of third term, Tryber’s final term as a *lower six* student. He asked for Shelly’s phone number so as to ease their communication throughout the *festive holiday*.

Chapter 12

The Mus family spent the festive holiday a bit luxuriously. They had received part of the benefits payment from RISCUM in regard to Sav's death. Glad set aside some money for Tryber's school fees for the following term and also gave her children some to buy clothes for Christmas. That Christmas they were exorbitantly happy. Tryber phoned Shelly from time to time and they shared their happiness always. His intention was to keep very close to her until they finally fall in love. He tried by every means to be nice to her and unique in his own way to her so as to draw her attention, he could not afford to lose her by any means.

One day, just a few days before school opening, Org came to Tryber rejoicing that her friend, Loyee was also going to Dadaya for her form one. Tryber did not mind her very much for he thought that she was kidding. The following day he went to the city center to buy his groceries for the term, as was his custom. He met Loyee on his way back and she confirmed that she was truly joining him to Dadaya. This made Tryber so happy for; finally, he had two people of closest relation at Dadaya.

On the school opening Day, he made a phone call to Mel's mother, asking her how Mel was travelling back to school. She told him that her daughter was in a hurry to scramble and partition the best mattresses at their dormitories. In nutshell, she showed no interest in letting him travel with Mel though they had the same destination. He did not mind them very much though it was some kind of discrimination. He made his way back to school with Loyee and some of her family members who were escorting her. That term Tryber was the first of all the *A level* boys to arrive at the hostels. He quickly put his room in order and packed his groceries into their respective storage places. He made his way to the Todd Building and paid up his school fees. After about an hour he met Casvy, one of his stream mates who lived within the local. They began roaming around the school, whiling up time. Afterwards they stood by the gate way watching some of their friends as they were arriving. Tryber was surprised to see Mel arriving hours after his arrival. She in turn was very much ashamed as she was excused from travelling with Tryber on the account that she wanted to get to school as early as possible.

"One day she will regret the way she is treating me" he thought to himself.

As usual, the first term at Dadaya began on a despairing note. Students were ever buzzy studying while supernaturally focused. They conducted their prayer sessions as usual while the form one students got accustomed to their new life style. Tryber paid visits to Loyee and made her feel at home always. Unlike Mel, Loyee proved to be mature enough to appreciate his kind efforts. She quickly realized that he had no other strings attached; he ever wanted to make her feel comfortable. Indeed that was his nature; he was a loving and friendly character especially to those from his native. Loyee liked him very much and took him as his biological brother. She felt free and secure whenever she had him around. She told him about all her problems whenever she was in trouble and he in turn gave her diplomatic solutions. She ended up discovering Mel's weakness in her perception towards him. She began disapproving her ungrateful attitude. She often talked to her about it but she seemed to offer a deaf ear to her.

"One day you will regret this attitude of yours towards brother Tryber" she once warned her but Mel took it for granted.

One day Tryber thought of revising the principles he had set aside himself and this was towards the end of the first term. He knew that it would be a disgrace which would bring about a case upon him if he proceeded by venturing into relationships without praying to God about it. He fasted for some days praying about the issue, asking God to forgive him and provide him with a suitable girl. Indeed, he had failed to keep his vows to God and he ever felt bad about it. He approached Shelly, filled with optimism that she would accept his proposal beyond any reasonable doubt. On the contrary, she refused to accept him as her boyfriend. This was by far much beyond his expectation. He tried by all means to use his diplomatic jargon but all she could do was to keep on insisting that they should continue as ordinary friends. This disappointed him to such an extent that he opted to cease his friendship with her. To his further surprise she continued paying visits to him more frequently, claiming to be his friend. He wondered what she really was up to.

On the closing day he made his way home with Bruce his friend. This time around he wanted to apply for a scholarship fund in Gweru, Bruce's home town. That was the reason why he could not travel together with Mel and Loyee. They first of all went to Bruce's brother who owned one of the most successful driving schools in Gweru. They left their goods in his office as they made their way to where the scholarship funds were applied. They moved around the small town of Gweru, having fun together until twelve noon when Bruce escorted him to the bus station. Upon their joyful arrival, Bruce quickly saw a very beautiful girl dark in complexion, dressed in a navy blue uniform which seemed to be of Gunea Fowl High School. He pinched Tryber and winked his right hand side eye with a broad smile on his face. Tryber knew that his friend was up to something so he raised his eyes, facing where he had signaled him and saw the girl. He continued with a blank stare on the girl, who seemed not to be noticing what was going on.

"It's Mun", he whispered to Bruce.

"Hahahaha! If you know her so it's not good to have her as your girlfriend" he replied jokingly.

In no time there came a bus to Kwekwe so the two parted their ways. To his surprise, Mun came and sat next to him and off they went. At first he took seriously what Bruce had advised him jokingly so he discussed general issues with her. Just a few kilometers past Regina Mundi High School along their way, he decided to get the cat out of the sack before her. Since they had been together for long during their childhood, it did not take long for Mun to accept Tryber's proposal for she loved him from her tender age. Its only life circumstances which had parted the two otherwise they could have been Romeo and Juliet of that era.

"Lord, could this be the one suitable for me?" he prayed silently.

"Let your will be done" he continued in his heart.

By the time they got off the bus at the Redcliff Turn off Station, they were already couples helping each other to carry their luggage. Though the rest of Mun's family were in the exile, she at times spent a few days in Torwood where she met her little brother and off they took their flight without seeing Tryber. That holiday, for the first time, her family's financial back up had some hiccups meaning that the two had to spend their holiday in Torwood. This proved to be some kind of an advantage for Tryber allotted some of his spare time to her since he had longed to exchange feelings with her for long.

Indeed it is undeniable that moments do exist in opposites. That same holiday the previous year, Tryber had just logged out of his relationship with Brig but this time around he had just established another one with Mun. He put all his trust in to their relationship and prayed about it so often. He actually enjoyed that holiday, not to mention that Shelly phoned him from time to time.

After the holiday he went back to school where he was supposed to make his final preparations for his final *A level* exams. He continued in a hardworking and prayerful mood as before. Shelly continued paying him visits for the umpteenth time that he thought that she had made up her mind so he renewed his proposal to her. However she kept on insisting that they had to continue as ordinary friends, not anything else more than that. Honestly speaking, her feelings were unpredictable. She was the first of her kind in Tryber's life. She continued paying him visits as usual and associated with him in a friendlier manner. She often encouraged him to work hard and pray hard as well and in that manner she proved to be more concerned about his life. This left Tryber in confusion over why she kept on refusing to accept his proposal.

One Wednesday, their sports day, Dadaya had a friendly soccer match with Chendume High School. As usual it was compulsory for everyone to go and cheer up the Dadayan soccer stars. Tryber stood lonely under the shade of a Musasa tree since all his friends were perambulating around the soccer pitch. Shelly could easily spot him from a distance so she brought her *Cayban* along to him.

"Tryber, meet my *Cayban* who has always been troubling me by telling me that she loves you, my best friend. All this while I did not know how to tell you about it..... I think it's high time I excuse you to finalize your dialog in to a relationship" she said, with a broad smile on her face while her *Cayban* was feeling extremely shy.

For a while Tryber talked to Shelly's *Cayban*, really feeling great that finally his friend had found a suitable girl for him. He uttered kinds and kinds of sweet tongue to her but she said nothing to him in return, she only smiled whenever he proved his diplomacy in proposing her. After a while, Shelly came back with a disguising broad smile on her face once again. She asked him whether her *Cayban* had accepted his request. Tryber told her that she had said nothing ever since she had left.

"Well. We have to go now, but I'm convinced that you are such a confused guy who does not even know who exactly he loves" Shelly said on a parting note.

Tryber's heart thumped for a moment as he realized that he had fallen prey to the trick. He had been fooled by the two *Caybans*. He knew that he had to act diplomatically and not showing any signs of panic. He pulled her hand and looked straight in to her eyes with a broad smile on his face for he did not want to lose her in such a manner.

"Ha ha ha haa haa!!!!" he laughed while she made no effort even to smile for she had proven that Tryberforce wasn't serious about what he meant when she proposed her.

"You know what Shelly? When I say *I love you* I mean that your wish is my command. It's something difficult for ordinary people to prove but I have managed to prove it today" he said while Shelly was frowning her face, trying to get what he was implying.

“When you brought your *Cayban* to me, you convinced me to propose a relationship with her. Because I wanted to prove that I am very loyal to your wishes, I proposed her so as to fulfill your wish since it is my command. Truly Shelly, I run short of superlatives to further express my feelings towards you but the truth of the matter is that *I really love you!!!*” he continued.

Shelly only sighed for she did not know what to say any longer. She believed in what Tryber had just elucidated to her, not knowing that she had just been flattered. Truly Tryber loved Shelly but that day he had stuck on her trap. He acted like a real gentleman in diverting her thoughts, justifying his stupidity and proposing her for the third time. As usual, she kept on insisting that they had to continue as ordinary friends. This extremely disappointed Tryber to such an extent that he was no longer interested in her so he tried by all means to avoid her. He had tried by every means to gain her heart but all his efforts had proven to be fruitless. By then he was in a constant manner to build a permanent relationship for he knew that he would never get a perfect lifelong partner at the universities. He also knew the dangers of having one girl friend in preparation for his marriage which was in about ten years to come. For that reason he wanted another girl friend besides Mun. He kept on praying about the issue hoping to be answered in no time. He was fortunate enough to fall in love with another beautiful young lady who also seemed to be well-mannered, during his last week at Dadaya. He did not just rush to conclude that God had already answered his prayers for he understood that ‘*Whenever God is about to bless, the devil can bring about a fake blessing*’. He kept on praying that *God’s will be done* and in no time Wendy the girl revised her thoughts and broke out of the relationship. This did not worry him at all since he knew that God was in total control of the situation. This was two days before accomplishing his *A level* final exams.

The following day he was busy preparing for his physics practical exam which was to be written the next day. That day he only managed to join others for supper and Shelly paid him a visit for the last time, in the dining hall. Tryberforce decided to propose her for the fourth and final time. To his surprise, she accepted his proposal. He knew by his instinct that his prayers were then answered so he went back to his room and glorified The Lord. Truly, the harder the battle is, the sweeter the victory. Tryber had come a mighty long way trying to have Shelly as his first lady. He had struggled a lot to fall in love with her. He spent almost a year proposing the same girl. He finally won the battle due to endurance and perseverance. He was a happy man ever that he wrote his last and final exam filled with bliss and felicity.

After the exam he made preparations for his final departure from Dadaya. All his classmates were filled with excitement for they were finally free from the sustained pressure due to school work. As they were discussing on how to spend their long holiday, Tryber told them that he wanted to spend the whole year relaxing before proceeding with his tertiary education. He also mentioned that he had no intention to study in any of the Zimbabwean Universities for he was looking forward to study abroad.

Chapter 13

The accomplishment of Tryberforce's *A level* exams marked a new beginning to him. He had turned on to a fresh page of life and wondered what the new page was all about. He wrote a prayerful song intending to dedicate his life in to the hands of the Lord.

"Looooord I pray that may I please dwell in your vacuum

In which no external forces from the kingdom of darkness

Shall prevaaaaail, shall prevaaaail

Oh Lord my God I praaaaaaaaaay....."

This was the chorus and the first verse was as follows:

"You've been with me, for quite a long time,

Continue being with me, each and every time.

Wherever I go, be on my side and

In whatever I do, be the one who Guides.

Now that I'm being exposed to quite a lot of freedom,

I pray to you Lord that you grant me your wisdom,

All my words and deeds let them glorify your Kingdom,

Help me to be myself, despite of other people and

Protect me each and every time against the devil's kingdom,

Lord, my God I need to dwell in your presence."

His talent in music was modified at Dadaya. Though he was once part of the duet called '*The Party Splash Gang*', better known as '*P.S.G*', his skills in writing songs were enhanced by Mufudzi from the day he wrote a dedication song for him, just after the death of Sav. Since the day he accomplished his *A Level* exams, he had been writing songs which were highly rated and recommended by all of those who overheard *the PSG* rehearsing. In actual facts, *PSG* was one of the lyrical giants at a national level. If not because of their financial imbalance, Zimbabwe at large could have succumbed to the tremors of their explosion. They only managed to record an advertising song for Golden Miles Hotel at Redemption Studio, located in the western end of Kwekwe's Central Business District. They managed to record the track as a sacrifice, hoping to get a token of appreciation from the hotel in return. People in Kwekwe as well as some other parts of Zimbabwe went crazy, dancing to the melodious Dance Hall type of music. In return the hotel discredited their efforts so *PSG* could not record any further due to their insufficient funds. This was during the first quarter of the year 2014 while

Tryber was still waiting for his *A level* results. He did not give up the spirit so he continued writing some more songs hoping that one day they would manage to record all their tracks in a very big and fancy audio studio. The two even went an extra mile by pioneering their own type of music called '*The Party Splash Music*'

'*Party Splash Music*' was a bit different from *Dance Hall Music* in all respect. It was propounded by the two with a sole purpose of restoring melody in the Zimbabwean type of *Dance Hall Music*. It was characterized by high pitches and high notes and was the first, during that era, to constitute of a chorus, refrain and some duet type of verses. Even considering the nature of voices used, *Party Splash Music* was characterized by the re-introduction of vibrato which had long gone for extinction. Though it was part of *digital music*, the way in which they went about the beat was totally different from *Zim Dancehall*. The gang recorded only two tracks of this type and as usual, people went crazy about the songs.

When *A level* results were ready for collection, Tryber could not access his since he had an outstanding school fees arrear. Org had excelled to a greater extent, having *five units* at her *grade seven final exams*. In return, Glad had sent her to a boarding school as an appreciation to her achievement. This was a total sacrifice for she had redirected all the money she got from Zex, who was then renting part of their house. Glad was such kind of a woman who always wanted the best for her children despite of her financial status. She often went from door to door houses, reselling agricultural products so as to earn a living. Ever since the death of Sav, neither his brothers nor his family members made an effort to support the Glad's family, except for his eldest brother who tried by all means to support Tryber, assisting him with part of his school fees whilst he was still at Dadaya.

Glad continued plundering for some money until she finally cleared the debt. This was about two months after her son's fellow colleagues had collected their *A level* results. They had proceeded to different universities while others were still waiting for their mid-year university intake. Tryber understood that this was as far as Glad's financial status could take him. He knew that it was highly impossible for her to afford sending him to university unless RISCUM had paid up his late father's pensions and outstanding salaries and wages. He knew that he had to act in a wise manner otherwise he could not make it to the university level. Though he had applied for an apprenticeship job in the Zimbabwe Power Company (ZPC), he had not yet received any response. He continued applying for apprenticeship jobs as per every advertisement but it seemed as though none of the companies had come across his application letters for they did not respond until one day when he was called by the ZPC for some psychometric tests. He continued for the next one week, waiting for his results and hoping that he had performed very well. He also gave a trial to the intake of *Air Technicians* in the Air Force of Zimbabwe (AFZ). At first he survived all the other selection processes which included the assessment of certificates of qualifications and some oral medical examinations. He then proceeded to the following level of writing the psychometric tests which he, as usual, believed to have performed very well. On the contrary, out of about two hundred people who set for the tests, less than thirty people qualified to final levels, excluding the poor little Tryberforce.

After all the efforts he had exerted towards being enrolled, with maximum optimism, the end result proved that all was in vain. This left him heartbroken for AFZ was the only Zimbabwean institute offering his carrier job training at no cost. This implied that he had to wait until the next intake the following year. Meanwhile he kept on applying to study *Instrumentations and Controls* under the apprenticeship program hoping to be fortunate enough to qualify. He spent the next two weeks as a loafer, depending upon Glad for everything and he did not

like that kind of a life style. He knew that she had come a mighty long way embraced under the same brackets of poverty, plundering for some money to earn a living for them, so he wanted to lend a helping hand in bettering the financial situation of their family.

Eventually he was called again by the Zimbabwe Power Company for some oral interviews. This time around he was confident and pessimistic that finally he could take part in bettering the financial background of his family through working in the ZPC. He presented himself as best as he could, hopping to be amongst the few to be chosen. He answered all the questions steadily, with greater precision and accuracy that he hopped to have satisfied the interviewing board, meeting all their standards and expectations. Once again, for the reason best known to the board, Tryberforce did not qualify to enroll in the Zimbabwe Power Company. This was once again a total heart break to him for ZPC was his last hope. All the other companies had not responded to his application letters. He became nowhere with his certificates of highest excellence. He did not want to enroll with the *Police Force* of Zimbabwe for it would never lead him to the fulfillment of his burning passion towards aeronautical engineering or being a pilot, which were his career occupations.

Due to the high rate of unemployed university graduates in Zimbabwe, the scramble and partition for temporary teaching was then meant for university graduates only, unlike the previous years when it was meant for High School leavers such as Tryberforce. This was so unfortunate of him that he wondered what his future was going to be like. He finally decided to join the company of Posh and Thab, his cousin, in fixing floor tiles, upon an agreement. Since he did not know much about the job, he was to assist by mixing the adhesives with water as well as carrying tiles to their respective points of fixture. He proved to be a very hard working guy, mixing a lot of adhesives with water within a short period of time. This made the job so easy for Posh and Thab that they managed to tile so many rooms in no time. Within a few days Tryber was able to use a grinder; just from observation. He therefore could assist by cutting the porcelain type of tiles for fitting on the edges and corners of the room. This pleased Posh and Thab a lot that they paid him US\$5 after being paid US\$150 upon accomplishing their contract. This was a total exploitation but Tryber was humble enough to accept for it was better than nothing at all. They continued working together until there aroused tension between Posh and Thab which led to their splitting, leaving Tryber as a beam under siege.

He had no one to pay him for the rest of the days he had worked. Whenever he faced Posh pertaining to the issue of his payment, he was redirected to Thab who in turn did the same to him until the two finally agreed each to pay him US\$10. Only Posh managed to pay but in installments while Thab did pay him nothing at all. This did not worry him a lot for Thab was his cousin, someone of closest relation; he did not regard it as a loss as such. This marked the end of his job and the resuming of his loafery. He decided to apply for any job entitlement in some big supermarkets within the Central Business District of Kwekwe (CBD), as well as some other subsidiary companies to RISCO, the likes of ZIMCHEM Refiners and the Buchwa Iron Mining Company (BIMCO). This was just a trial made out of his desperateness; he did not have hope in any of them. He continued as a *home defender* for the rest of the months until one day when he signed a ten day contract with BIMCO. The contract was all about clearing grass and bushes under the conveyor belt. The belt is one amongst the longest in the whole world and stretches for about twenty two kilometers from the mining pit to the processing plant without any join. This was kind a strenuous job requiring a lot of feeding, but the company offered them no food. They were a group of fifteen people and did the slashing a sideways distance of about two and a half meters on either sides of the belt.

Upon completion of their contract, they all received their salaries. BIMCO proved to be some kind of a generous company, paying the poor little Tryber a total of US\$84, for the first time in his life. He bought some groceries for the family and also bought himself a smart phone. He set aside US\$15 for the digitalization process of Org's and his birth certificate. This pleased Glad a lot for Tryber had cast away some of the burdens for the family.

One day Shyllone, his church mate, convinced him to empower himself. He was so sympathetic about his situation so he wanted him to work on his own, earning to sustain his family. He approached Glad asking her to permit Tryber to join him in being a barber-man in the CBD. Glad did not argue so she permitted Tryber to join him if he was willing.

"Yes, I am now a man so I must welcome and experience every situation in life" he told himself as he agreed to join Shyllone.

At first he was ashamed of being a barber-man but in no time he got accustomed to it. It did not take him long to learn the frequently requested haircuts that he grew to be an expert in the field. He, together with Arty worked under Mrs. Baks who supplied them with all the equipment and would get half their earnings at the end of the day therefore they did not pay rent at the end of every month. Shyllon was working on the other shop, paying rent. The job was in actual facts humiliating for they stood by the pavements and street corners, verbally advertising their business to everyone who passed by.

"Come and get the best haircut ever at a very cheap price!!!" he often shouted as was their way of advertising.

"Hey *mafana!* How much is it to get a *box cut?*" once asked another giant, facing Tryber.

"Only *two bucks* sir", he replied with a broad smile on his face, trying to convince him.

"If you don't satisfy me with your service I will beat you up and pay you nothing", he said in a horsey voice, terrifying the poor little Tryber.

Tryberforce did not actually have satisfactory experience in *box cuts*. He took him in to the barbershop only to prove his bravery but inwardly fearing to be beaten up. He instructed the giant to sit on the chair just before one of the mirrors and he wrapped him with a green garment. He put on his protective apron and took out his *Wharl* brand of shaving machine from the sterilizer and inserted on it a *number one clipper* firstly. He switched on the machine after lubricating the blades and then began his job. He changed the *clippers* from one stage of shaving to another while the giant was still frowning his face.

Simultaneously, Arty was also shaving an *English cut* besides Tryber's mirror. His customer was a bit talkative, instructing him what to do from time and again. This is some kind of an embarrassment for it proves that one is looking down upon the barber-man. Both Arty and Tryber did not like such kind of characters in their barbershop.

“Wow! What a nice and perfect *box cut*! *Mafana*, I had never expected such from you. You are such a genius and from today onwards I promise to be your customer. I will bring along my friends also. For now I am going to pay you US\$3 because you have made my day”, said the giant to Tryber while he made his way up the chair.

On a patting note, he told Arty that his client was once a barber man for four years, before he owned one of the greatest driving schools in Kwekwe. That was possibly the reason why he seemed to be looking down upon him. This gave Tryber an inspiration that one day he will also be great.

Being a barber man changed Tryber’s living at all. He could afford to buy his family a loaf of bread every day and he, on a weekly basis, bought himself ‘*The Sunday Mail*’ weekly newspaper, responding to the adverts pertaining to apprenticeships always. He could then contribute to Org’s school requirements and at one time bought her a fancy satchel, after a week of saving the money.

“Yah! If anyone asks you what I do for my living tell him or her that I am an *HR*” he said to Org while they were relaxing after having their supper.

Both Org and Glad thought that Tryber was seriously ashamed of his occupation.

“*HR* implying the Human Resources manager?” asked Org eagerly.

“No! No! No! *HR* implying Hair size Reducer” he replied while Glad and Org laughed until their ribs were aching.

Tryber continued as an *HR* until he was two months old in that faculty. His resignation was based upon a misunderstanding between him and Mrs. Baks, as well as the deterioration in his daily income for almost everyone in town had his hair reduced in size. Since he was such a character who always resorted to plan B whenever plan A fails, he opted for writing novels taking advantage of his creativity. He also wrote two songs, one praising the Member of Parliament (MP) of the Kwekwe constituency while the other was educating people about the newly implemented *Indigenization and Empowerment* economic policy. They recorded the two tracks under the sponsorship of Roy Shecks who was still an *HR* and the music was also in full corroboration of the *Party Splash* type of music. Baba Vee whom Tryber had once worked with at Mrs. Baks’ barbershop was totally interested in *PSG* music. He had direct links to the MP of the Kwekwe Constituency. He advised the two to produce some copies of the *audio CDs* for him to take to the MP for sponsorship. In return, *PSG* made Baba Vee their manager. He in took the music to the MP who was highly impressed by the music.

“Wow. This is super. I had never thought of this great staff erupting from my own constituency. I am more than certain that the president himself will be pleased to hear that I have groomed such geniuses in my constituency” he said to Baba Vee while he was all smiles.

He decided to give *PSG* together with their manager an unlimited amount of business loan to start up projects under the Indigenization and Empowerment Program. Finally Tryber had found a break through by the use of his talent. He took the loan and funded the editing, printing, publishing and the marketing of one of his novels. He even had an opportunity to sign a contract with ‘*The Sunday Mail*’ newspaper company, so that chapters of his novel were published, one after the other, on a weekly basis. This earned him 5% of the weekly sales to the whole nation. Normally, hundreds of thousands of newspapers were sold weekly basis but upon attachment of

Tryber's novel there was a rapid rise in the number of sales. This totally pleased the board of directors of '*The Sunday Mail*' Newspaper Company that they gave him a tender to write more and more novels under their sponsorship. Tryberforce deeply pondered over the offer. He knew that he could be filthy rich because of it, he could afford himself a fancy car, build himself a mansion, send Org to an expensive boarding school and make Glad happy always. All he did not like about it was that it was capable of destroying his burning passion towards being either a pilot or an aeronautical engineer, if he did not act wisely.

"Of what help is it then to get all the riches but suppressing my burning passion towards my career jobs?" he asked himself.

He finally made up his mind to grab the offer and proceed to foreign universities, getting himself quality education. He made application to study in Europe through the *Star Education Consultants*. He was fortunate enough to receive an '*Invitation for Study Letter*' from the Georgian Aviation University where he was to study as a prospective pilot. He departed towards the end of November, when the last batch from *Star Education Consultants* departed. He was to continue adhering to the contract he had signed with '*The Sunday Mail*' Newspaper Company by sending the novels through the electronic mail. Since he had made enough money to cater for himself and his family needs, he agreed with staff to inject his weekly allotment of shares into his Zimbabwean bank account so that he would collect his *lump sum* of money upon his return, five years later. He had paid up Org's school fees in advance and had made arrangements to reconstruct his father's squatter house into a mansion. He also made arrangements for Org to precede to the best and most expensive boarding school ever in Zimbabwe for her *A level*, if she excels at her *O level*.

Factually Tryber had given a greater lesson to the youths that one has to capitalize on the little he/ or she has in order to excel in life. He had nothing much before, except a little talent in the faculty of Arts. He did not give up though he went through hardships; he continued doing his best until he finally hatched out of poverty. Truly he was, and he is still '*The greatest force against poverty*'!!!!!!

Chapter 14

It was very unfortunate of Mun that she quickly gave up on Tryberforce during his highest stages of poverty on the account that he was a loafer. She did not have supernatural eyes to fore see that he was about to be exalted by The Lord. Though The Bible mentions that “He raises the poor from the dust”, she did not realize that Tryberforce was already on the right place for The Lord to uplift him. Tryber suspected that she had found himself a fancy guy who in turn broke them apart. If truly so, by then she was in a position to testify to others that not all that glitters in gold. Frankly speaking, almost every girl who knew Tryber had grown feelings towards him. Buying ‘The Sunday Mail’ newspaper was not out of will but out of their desire for prestige. Each and every one of them wanted to brag about showing her colleagues the page with Tryber’s novel, claiming not to give her heart to ordinary people, but to great people of no little accomplishment just as was Tryber.

Amongst such kind of stupid minded female shenanigans was Mel, who once discredited Tryber’s kind full efforts at Dadaya. She always regretted about it for she had come to realize that he was the proper definition of a gentlemen who could offer her pure *love in its undiluted concentrations, titrating all her sorrows into vanity*. Whenever she stood by the verandah of their house, looking at the Mus family’s newly built mansion which was a replica of the Todd Building, she often recalled Loyee’s words of caution:

“One day, you will regret this attitude of yours towards brother Tryber”

Truly she was then in regret. She wished she could establish even a friendship with him but she had nowhere out. She thought of getting closer to Org but Org was nowhere to be found. She thought of how to get along with Glad Mus but she could not find a possible way. Only a few women who loved Glad from the days of her poverty were the ones she continued loving. Unfortunately her mom was not part of them so she could not get along with Glad, she was having a test of her own medicine.

Most importantly, life is a journey in which you do not have to take anyone for granted for there shall come a time when you need that person, just as Mel. No matter how filthy rich you are, just give others their value and appreciate their kindness and efforts for you don’t know what tomorrow is going to be like.

Ever since Tryberforce commenced his studies at the Georgian Aviation University he was a man of distinctions in all his work. He always had an outstanding performance in his exams as well as in his assignments. He exerted maximum effort towards his school work since he had a burning passion towards it for long. He did not want a scenario whereby he fails and resume being a loafer, well addicted to poverty as before. He wanted himself out of poverty and out for good. He associated himself with so many girls but never felt like establishing a love affair with any of them. He continued with the notion he had at Dadaya that girls met at universities are not trustworthy. He began to experience what he had in mind before, truly sexual immorality was their middle names and to them it was formal. Tryber’s intention in associating with many of them was to get used to them so that whenever they try to seduce him he would take them as biological sisters and have his feelings *critically damped* with immediate effect. This helped him a lot to maintain his purity throughout the days he spent at the university.

He phoned Shelly from time to time, who was then studying a degree program in medicine at the University of Zimbabwe. The two grew fond of each other that they began looking forward to marry. Tryber had his trust in Shelly while she trusted him too so they often prayed about their marriage which was to come.

Back in Zimbabwe at Man High School, Org who was in turn the vice head girl had excelled extremely in her final *O level* exams. She had *11As and 1B* and was one amongst the paragons nationwide. She was given a scholarship by *Econet Wireless*, one of the greatest telecommunication companies in Africa. She proceeded to Roosevelt Girls High School where she took Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Further Mathematics for *A level*. This was just a year and some months before Tryber's Graduation ceremony.

Towards the end of that same year, Tryberforce began making preparations for the ceremony. He instructed '*The Sunday Mail*' staff not to deposit his share of profits directly into his bank account but into Glad's instead. This was in order to cater for their *air tickets* to his graduation ceremony. He wanted Shelly also to attend the ceremony but did not know how to do it since she wasn't yet formally introduced to his family. He finally told Glad to pay for four of his former Dadayan school mates to come along with her. These included Bruce, Njab, Loyee and Shelly.

"My son, it's a good idea that your former school mates witness your success. I will come along with Org, my elder brother and also two of your father's brothers, especially the elder one who supported you throughout your *A level*" once said Glad to Tryber, along the line on the phone call.

Since Tryber and Glad had made preparations for long, the day was extravaganzarous, being celebrated by Tryber and his closest ones as well as representatives from '*The Sunday Mail*' Newspaper Company. They all knew that he had scooped the '*book prize*' for the university but had never expected anything much. They were surprised to hear that he was entitled to a USD\$500000 '*book prize*' as well as a job at the Malaysian Airline. This increased their happiness very much.

On his return to his mother land, Zimbabwe, Tryberforce withdrew money from his bank account and built a very big hospital in Kwekwe. It grew to be one of the greatest ever in Zimbabwe, fully equipped above the standards and constituting of the best staff ever. Njab was the first surgeon at that hospital while Shelly was once a medical doctor before she went to further her education as an eye specialist in Ukraine. Loyee later worked as the hospital accountant upon the completion of her tertiary education.

Tryberforce also invested in so many businesses across the whole of Zimbabwe. He bought shares in so many companies and even built an orphanage. He later on established his own scholarship trust which benefited so many academically privileged but financially poor young boys and girls, just as he was before. He always wanted them to pursue their studies despite of their poor financial backgrounds thus making Zimbabwe a conducive environment for all. He later on transferred his contract to Air Zimbabwe and worked competently to better his country.

Three years later, Tryberforce and Shelly were ready for marriage. They held an engagement party while preparing for their wedding intended to be on '*The 31st movement*', a day set aside for celebrating Tryber's birthday on the 31st day of July every year.

Tryberforce gathered all the kinsfolks from his father's lineage to plan on how to pay 'lobola' to Shelly's family. To his surprise there was a multitude of them. He wondered where they had been hiding themselves all the days of his poverty. He knew that they had come in their numbers in order to deceive him, making him believe that they all loved him yet they were only after his riches. He did not mind them though he had suffered alone to gather all the riches. He vowed to help their children whenever they are in need for it is wrong to revenge, vengeance is for God. They paid up the *lobola* (bride price) and the wedding date got approved by his *in-laws*. He wanted their wedding to be the best of its kind for it was between two medically examined virgins.

"My son, a wedding is an event that comes once in life's time. You will be taking your vows for the first time so you have to do your best in making it great. A wedding anniversary is not a wedding itself so never think you will cover up on the anniversary" once said Glad to her son Tryberforce.

Tryberforce was not only a role model to his family but to the whole nation at large. By public demand he was forced to become a politician, contesting in the forthcoming elections, the following year. He was honored to be the guest of honor at the *Annual Speech and Prize Giving Day* at Batanai High School on the 29th of July, a few days before his wedding. He made sure that all the helicopters for his wedding's transportation were at Charles Prince Airport before he attended the *Speech and Prize Giving Day*.

By the time he arrived on the event, everyone was already waiting for him. He had to give a speech also catering for some of the problems that might affect the education system in Torwood, especially the closure of RISCUM since he was an intended politician. When it was his time to speak, he stood before the crowd which had been long waiting for his speech. They all clapped their hands, cheering him up.

"May the spirit of The Lord be with you!"

May the spirit of understanding, upon me also be with you!

Peace be with you!

Vicissitude! Vicissitude! -We all shout but are we changing for the better? Ladies and gentlemen, it is extreme fecundity, replete and unamicable behavior that we are about to masquerade.

Around this podium, I am not just perambulating but I am being peripatetic for the situation is so pathetic. Why, ladies and gentlemen are we leading ourselves to a pit full of pity?

I stand before you, neither campaigning nor de campaigning a political party, but as one amongst you, crumbling in emotional agony of the calamity caused by our insanity to the academic vicinity of which is eternity- Oh! What a pity!

'Mira' is a Shona word implying to 'stop, 'Mirror' is an English word meaning 'to reflect' while 'mirah' is a foreign word referring to 'a mistake'. My message to you today is: STOP AND REFLECT YOUR MISTAKE! MIRA AND MIRROR YOUR MIRA!!!!!!

Students of Batanai High School you are dynamites. Your explosion must be characterized by a thunderous and violent elimination by intimidation and devastation of failure and misconception within your education until you get your professions, like I myself. Yes indeed you are on a mission.

If there exist fast foods with slow digestion, tall men with a short temper and fat people with a narrow vision then being from a poor background doesn't imply that you shall remain poor. Your situation doesn't affect your exaltation and definitely, my analysis doesn't succumb to paralysis for it is in accordance to my hunky-dory sagacity.

A soldier who has run out of ammunition will only cease to fire but will never cease the fire. A company will only cease its production to the community but will never cease the production of the community. Ladies and gentlemen, let us not allow the current economic situation in Torwood and in Zimbabwe at large, to gormandize upon our academic excellence as students.

Gone are the days when we believed that education is the key to success for there now exist educated ladrones, vagabonds and misdirected fellows who are up to no good. A narrow visioned and objective minded student of high caliber, as I was, will abide by the motto: 'Academic excellence the key to success.'

It is an undeniable fact that the future is in your hands as youths but bear in mind that the present is at hand. You have to mold the future in to your desired destination, just as I did. Let us strive to make our community and Zimbabwe at large, the best place ever to be. Let's take our legacy as citizens of Torwood and as Zimbabwean, to the greatest possible heights.

It all begins with you and me; nothing is impossible and impossible is nothing. Never ever in your life believe that the sky is the limit if someone managed to drag his feet on the moon. Yes, Ladies and gentlemen, the limits are broken so let us take this opportunity to rise, and rise and RISE!!!!

My fellow colleagues, proceeding with my expatiations is beyond the scope of my limitations so allow me to damp this oscillation, hopping that your porosity has engineered the percolation of this phenomenally nutritious and mouthwatering apostasy from my expatiations. Conclusively I say to you, 'YOU DON'T NEED TO BE GREAT IN ORDER TO GET STARTED BUT YOU NEED TO GET STARTED IN ORDER TO BE GREAT! I salute you!!!!!!' he concluded while he sat back.

Just as he sat down, his phone rang, only to discover that it was Shelly calling. What was she up to?

The End!